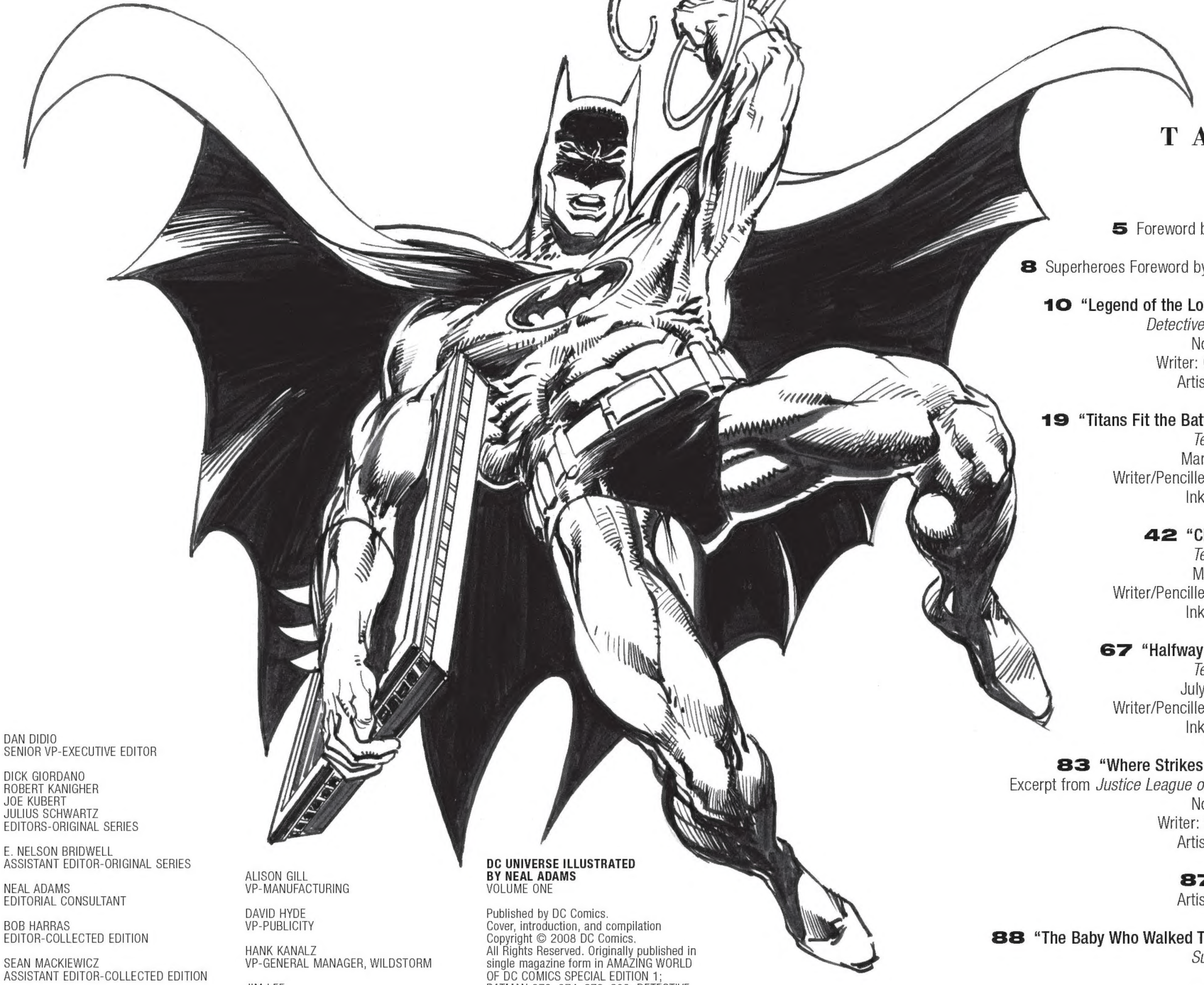
DC UNIVERSE ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS

DC UNIVERSE ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS

1

DC Comics New York, New York



DAN DIDIO
SENIOR VP-EXECUTIVE EDITOR

DICK GIORDANO
ROBERT KANIGHER
JOE KUBERT
JULIUS SCHWARTZ
EDITORS-ORIGINAL SERIES

E. NELSON BRIDWELL
ASSISTANT EDITOR-ORIGINAL SERIES

NEAL ADAMS
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT

BOB HARRAS
EDITOR-COLLECTED EDITION

SEAN MACKIEWICZ
ASSISTANT EDITOR-COLLECTED EDITION

ROBBIN BROSTERMAN
SENIOR ART DIRECTOR

PAUL LEVITZ
PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER

GEORG BREWER
VP-DESIGN & DC DIRECT CREATIVE

RICHARD BRUNING
SENIOR VP-CREATIVE DIRECTOR

PATRICK CALDON
EXECUTIVE VP-FINANCE & OPERATIONS

CHRIS CARAMALIS
VP-FINANCE

JOHN CUNNINGHAM
VP-MARKETING

TERRI CUNNINGHAM
VP-MANAGING EDITOR

AMY GENKINS
SENIOR VP-BUSINESS & LEGAL AFFAIRS

ALISON GILL
VP-MANUFACTURING

DAVID HYDE
VP-PUBLICITY

HANK KANALZ
VP-GENERAL MANAGER, WILDSTORM

JIM LEE
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR-WILDSTORM

GREGORY NOVECK
SENIOR VP-CREATIVE AFFAIRS

SUE POHJA
VP-BOOK TRADE SALES

STEVE ROTTERDAM
SENIOR VP-SALES & MARKETING

CHERYL RUBIN
SENIOR VP-BRAND MANAGEMENT

ALYSSE SOLL
VP-ADVERTISING & CUSTOM PUBLISHING

JEFF TROJAN
VP-BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT, DC DIRECT

BOB WAYNE
VP-SALES

Cover illustration by Neal Adams.
Interior color reconstruction by
Continuity Associates and Lee Loughridge.

DC UNIVERSE ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS
VOLUME ONE

Published by DC Comics.
Cover, introduction, and compilation Copyright © 2008 DC Comics.
All Rights Reserved. Originally published in single magazine form in AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS SPECIAL EDITION 1; BATMAN 273, 274, 279, 280; DETECTIVE COMICS 369; FANBOY 5; JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA 94; OUR ARMY AT WAR 182, 183, 186, 240; STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES 134, 144; SUPERMAN 254; TEEN TITANS 20-22. Copyright © 1967, 1969, 1971, 1972, 1976, 1999 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork.

DC Comics
1700 Broadway
New York, NY 10019
A Warner Bros. Entertainment Company

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

5 Foreword by **Paul Levitz**

8 Superheroes Foreword by **Neal Adams**

10 **"Legend of the Lovers' Lantern"**
Detective Comics #369
November 1967
Writer: Gardner F. Fox
Artist: Neal Adams

19 **"Titans Fit the Battle of Jericho"**
Teen Titans #20
March-April 1969
Writer/Penciller: Neal Adams
Inker: Nick Cardy

42 **"Citadel of Fear"**
Teen Titans #21
May-June 1969
Writer/Penciller: Neal Adams
Inker: Nick Cardy

67 **"Halfway to Holocaust"**
Teen Titans #22
July-August 1969
Writer/Penciller: Neal Adams
Inker: Nick Cardy

83 **"Where Strikes Demonfang?"**
Excerpt from *Justice League of America #94*
November 1971
Writer: Mike Friedrich
Artist: Neal Adams

87 *Ra's al Ghul*
Artist: Neal Adams

88 **"The Baby Who Walked Through Walls"**
Superman #254
July 1972
Writer: Len Wein
Artist: Neal Adams

95 *Amazing World of DC Comics Special Edition #1*
February 1976
Writer: Len Wein
Artist: Neal Adams

102 *Justice for All Includes Children 1*
March 1976
Artist: Neal Adams

103 *Justice for All Includes Children 2*
April 1976
Artist: Neal Adams

104 *Justice for All Includes Children 6*
September 1976
Artist: Neal Adams

105 *Justice for All Includes Children 7*
November 1976
Artist: Neal Adams

106 *9/11 Tribute*
Artist: Neal Adams

108 Excerpt from *Fanboy #5*
July 1999
Writer: Mark Evanier
Artists: Neal Adams & Sergio Aragonés

110 *Batman Sketchbook*

116 War Stories Foreword by **Neal Adams**

118 **"It's My Turn to Die"**
Our Army at War #182
July 1967
Writer: Howard Liss
Artist: Neal Adams

127 **"Invisible Sniper"**
Our Army at War #183
August 1967
Writer: Howard Liss
Artist: Neal Adams

136 **"The Killing Ground"**
Star Spangled War Stories #134
August-September 1967
Writer: Robert Kanigher
Artist: Neal Adams

150 **"My Life for a Medal"**
Our Army at War #186
November 1967
Writer: Hank Chapman
Artist: Neal Adams

159 **"Death Takes No Holiday"**
Star Spangled War Stories #144
April-May 1969
Writer: Robert Kanigher
Penciller: Neal Adams
Inker: Joe Kubert

182 **"Another Time Another Place"**
Our Army at War #240
January 1972
Writer: Bob Haney
Artist: Neal Adams

190 **Biographies**

PAUL LEVITZ FOREWORD

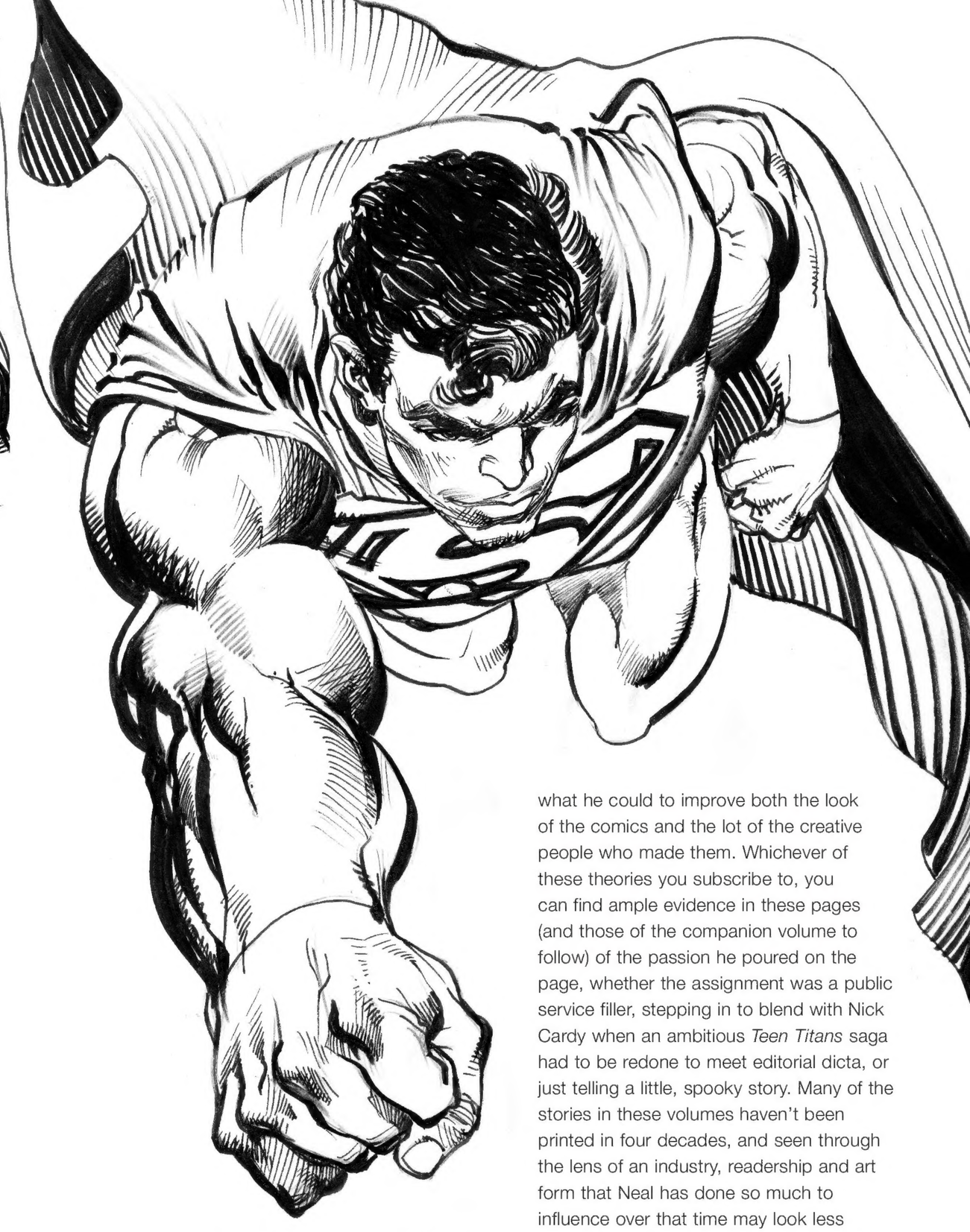
So a full-of-fire Neal Adams (was there ever any other kind?), age 18, fresh out of New York's famed High School of Art & Design, shows up at DC's doorstep, portfolio bulging with samples lovingly prepared. He's greeted by the very gentlemanly Ray Perry, an emissary of the production department whose role is roughly that of the doorkeeper to the Wizard of Oz…pronouncing, as he did to all and sundry, "Sorry, kid, I can't take you in there." The doors were closed, as they were to virtually every other new artist who tried to join DC in the late '50s and early '60s. There were a couple of exceptions, of course: Ross Andru and Mike Esposito snuck in, replacing the legendary H.G. Peter on *Wonder Woman* in 1958, and longtime industry vet Pete Costanza came in 1966 to replace the late John Forte, along with Jack Abel and Jack Sparling. And the soon-to-be-legendary Mort Drucker took advantage of the fact that he was already literally inside the doors, working at a production bullpen gig, to begin his spectacular career. Other than that, the answer was, "Sorry, kid."

Detours. Neal is wisely counseled by Joe Simon to seek work more worthy of his talent, packaging Archie Comics' brief but inspired superhero line. Neal starts making a living doing Archie's Jokes pages, then moves up to assisting on the *Bat Masterson* newspaper strip and doing commercial artwork. More commercial work at comics-oriented ad agency Johnstone & Cushing. Finally, a big break, and the art chores on *Ben Casey* for newspaper strip writer Jerry Capp. And then a moment of opportunity, as the multitalented Archie Goodwin edited a new line of horror magazines for Warren, writing stories that Neal made into visual masterworks.

You'd think that work of that quality would have opened any door, but DC was still stubbornly closed (though mercifully not as stubborn as Neal). Then, a chain of circumstances led Neal to recommend Joe Kubert for the art chores on the new *Green Berets* newspaper strip…and to the realization that this meant DC might finally need someone to pick up some of Kubert's slack.

Somehow, a series of phone calls opens the door…a crack. Neal gets in, a literal foot in the door, and talks his way into the office shared by Kubert's editor, the notoriously talented and difficult Bob Kanigher, and the fastidiously organized Julie Schwartz. The two had been sharing an office for over a decade (and birthdays a day apart since they came into the world in 1915), with utterly different approaches to life, editing, and most everything else. Bob wrote most of his own books, and had perhaps the best taste in artwork of any DC editor of the time; Julie refused to admit that he could write, and spent all his energy plotting with his writers and polishing their work, keeping a stable of great artists by virtue of his disciplined and respectful way of working with them. Kanigher needed someone to do some war short stories unassigned in the shuffle resulting from Kubert's cutback; and Schwartz had an *Elongated Man* tale sitting there ready to go. Neal walked away with the *Elongated Man*, came back for the war stories, and once the work began to flow in, was able to work his way up and down the now open halls using his native charm and talent to score assignments doing everything from *The Adventures of Jerry Lewis* (sadly missing from this two-volume set, along with other titles licensed to DC by other companies) to *The Spectre*.

Maybe the challenge of pushing open the door led Neal to become a champion of new talent, helping hundreds of kids who came to New York to break into comics to find their way in later versions of the closed door. Maybe the frustration of being ready years before he was able to become the



generation-defining comics artist led Neal to come back to comics, again and again, long after his success in other fields opened innumerable doors that led away from this early love. Maybe it's just the destiny of a man who felt called to do what he could to improve both the look of the comics and the lot of the creative people who made them. Whichever of these theories you subscribe to, you can find ample evidence in these pages (and those of the companion volume to follow) of the passion he poured on the page, whether the assignment was a public service filler, stepping in to blend with Nick Cardy when an ambitious *Teen Titans* saga had to be redone to meet editorial dicta, or just telling a little, spooky story. Many of the stories in these volumes haven't been printed in four decades, and seen through the lens of an industry, readership and art form that Neal has done so much to influence over that time may look less revolutionary than they truly were. But at the least, they all still look beautiful and show what happens when you let a genius sneak in through the shut door. Things begin to change…the doors would never get shut tight again.

NEAL ADAMS SUPERHEROES

a truly eclectic group of stories

In no particular order....

The Private Life of Clark Kent: Stumbling across Len Wein and Marv Wolfman in them there days was...a pleasure and a pain.

Somehow, after the generation of "No new people at DC Comics," there was a steady, slow influx of new young artists. Bernie Wrightson, Alan Weiss, Rich Buckler and others. At the same time — well, perhaps before — two teens from the Bronx (I believe) had wormed their way into the sanctum sanctorum of DC Comics.

"Who are those two kids?"

"Oh, they're with Julie [Schwartz]."

"I thought they were with Murray [Boltinoff]."

"I don't think so."

"Are they artists?"

"Uh."

True, they were fans, and I am told that Len drew...but I don't remember seeing his art...ever. (Maybe once.)

Perhaps I admired their spunk. And it's true, I did. Perhaps it was their unexpected nature, I don't know.

The thing is...somehow...in the editors' minds...I became their sponsor. I wasn't, but somehow when they had one of their unique ideas...I would be consulted and then, somehow, made responsible for seeing to it that "my trust in them" was vindicated.

The House That Haunted Batman was like that. (Len Wein and Marv Wolfman wrote that one.)

The Private Life of Clark Kent was like that. Julie pressured me with a Len Wein

backup story script for Clark Kent that didn't include his alter ego Superman.

More than that, it had no villain. It was a...brrrr..."slice of life" story, and it had babies in it.

I don't even know why Julie bought the story. Superhero comic...made no sense.

Turns out I have a daughter named Zeea. Some of you lucky folks may have met her...as it turns out...and as a matter of incredible coincidence...she was the cutest baby in the world (with perhaps the exception of my other kids. No...Zeea!) She was the perfect age for the story.

How, now, could I NOT do the story?

Was it a trap? Perhaps. The nicest sort.

(Incidentally, Zeea has recently had a new daughter. How cute? Heh.)

Teen Titans — with Hawk and Dove. What?

That was Nick Cardy, wasn't it?

Yes, it was...and NO.

Nick was the assigned artist. Len and Marv were to do the script. They did. They told me well beforehand that they were going to be introducing the first legitimate black superhero.

The time was right. The statement must be made. Of course I agreed. Why were they talking to me about it? Apparently they didn't tell others.

Nick began pencilling the job. Everything was Jake...until someone read the script.

When I came in, the explosion had happened. This wasn't Martin Luther King —this was more like Malcolm X. (Personal hero of mine...but very radical.)

This was...well, the suits were outraged. This would not stand. The job was shelved. The boys (Len and Marv) were out.

Len and Marv appealed to me to step in:

"What's on those pages...well, it was pretty revolutionary/radical."

I went in and made a case. The suits read the dialogue to me...aloud.

I said...just have Len and Marv modify the language.

They didn't trust them to do it. I volunteered to do it.

They asked did I read the whole script?

I hadn't. So I did.

Oh. Golly.

Yep, they had done it. It pushed so hard that DC wouldn't abide it. No amount of dialogue doctoring would turn it around. Len and Marv were ahead of their time. DC wasn't.

But Nick was a third of the way into the book. What to do?

I said I'd reinvent the story and pencil for Nick. In return, I asked for DC to back off of Len and Marv. Their hearts were in the right place, and they were right (though DC was not ready to fall on a sword for principle at that time).

I don't think DC trusted Len or Marv for some time after that. And I don't think either has quite forgiven me for that Solomon-like decision (if you can call it that), but it made for a unique and interesting, and rushed, pairing, myself and Nick Cardy.

Too bad it wasn't under better conditions. Small piece of history, now.

The Elongated Man. First superhero story I ever drew, and it was written by Gardner Fox and edited by Julius Schwartz.

But I was looking for war stories to draw. What do I remember besides doing such a quirky and terrible job on *Elongated Man*? I remember being in the office of the two grumpiest editors in the known world. And... we all became fast friends. And my oh my, the stories they told.

The ELONGATED Man

CRACK

CHONK

POW

WHUMP

WHY IS IT SO EASY FOR ME TO STOP **FOUR BIG-TIME CROOKS** COMMITTING A ROBBERY -- WHEN IT'S SO UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE TO PREVENT A **SINGLE** SNEAK-THIEF FROM ROBBING MY WIFE!

OUTWARDLY, NO ONE IS A BIGGER BOOSTER OF THE **ELONGATED MAN** THAN HIS WIFE **SUE DIBNY!**

INWARDLY, SHE'S ALWAYS CONCERNED FOR HIS SAFETY WHEN HE LEAVES HER TO TACKLE A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND ARMED CRIMINALS!

IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THAT SHE SWALLOWS AN OLD-TIME SUPERSTITION THAT'S SUPPOSED TO ENSURE THE SAFE RETURN OF A LOVED ONE?

Legend of the LOVERS' Lantern!

STORY BY GARDNER FOX
ART BY NEAL ADAMS

AN AVID AUCTION-GOER, SUE DIBNY NEVER PASSES UP AN OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEND THIS GAME OF BIDS AND RAISES...

THIS UNIQUE **LOVERS' LANTERN**.. DATING FROM THE MIDDLE AGES--WAS HUNG BY WIVES IN A WINDOW--TO ENSURE THE SAFE RETURN OF A HUSBAND WHEN HE WENT OFF TO BATTLE!

I SIMPLY MUST OWN THAT LANTERN!

EVERY TIME **MY HUSBAND RALPH** GOES OFF TO BATTLE CROOKS AS THE **ELONGATED MAN**, I WORRY ABOUT HIS SAFETY...

MAYBE THAT LANTERN WILL HELP--EVEN IF IT IS SHEER SUPERSTITION!

I BID $10!

AFTER SOME SPIRITED BIDDING...

SOLD TO THE LADY FOR SEVENTY DOLLARS!

IT'S MORE THAN I INTENDED TO SPEND--BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

HER WRAPPED PURCHASE CLUTCHED UNDER AN ARM, SHE LEAVES THE AUCTION GALLERY...

RALPH SAID TO MEET HIM HERE AT FOUR! IT'S JUST ABOUT THAT NOW!

SUDDENLY--FROM BEHIND HER--TWO HANDS DART OUT WITH SKILLFUL SPEED AND...

OHHH! SOMEONE STOLE THE LANTERN--RIGHT OUT OF MY ARM!

STOP THIEF!

FORTUNATELY, RALPH (**ELONGATED MAN**) DIBNY IS ON TIME FOR THIS DATE WITH HIS WIFE...

I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, HONEY! I'LL GET THAT PACKAGE FOR YOU!

HE WENT ***THAT*** WAY, RALPH!

BUT-- JUST AS THE **STRETCHABLE SLEUTH** BEGINS HIS FIRST LONG STRIDE...

LOOK WHO'S HERE-- THE **ELONGATED MAN!**

WHUMP

OOFFFF

HOW'D **HE** KNOW WE WERE GOIN' TO ROB THIS AUCTION GALLERY TODAY?

WHONK

WHUMP

WELL, LOOK WHAT RAN INTO ME! BUT I MUSTN'T LIE DOWN ON THE JOB LIKE THIS!

SECURING FOOT- AND ELBOW-HOLDS ON THE PAVEMENT, THE **DUCTILE DETECTIVE** REARS UPWARD...

I NEED A LITTLE FIGHTING ROOM, BOYS, SO-- WITH APOLOGIES TO **SUPERMAN--**

YAAAAGH!

HOLD ON--OR WE'RE DONE FOR!

UP--UP-- AND AWAY!

GYYYAAA! HE'S SHAKING US LOOSE...

HELP! HELP!

3

CHUMP

CHONK

RELAX-- I'M GIVING YOU A HAND!

CROOKS WHO STEAL TOGETHER...

HAVE THEIR DOWNFALL TOGETHER!

SORRY, PAL! I CAN'T WASTE TIME ON YOU--I'VE GOT TO CATCH THE OTHERS BEFORE THEY LAND!

GOT YOU--IN THE PALMS OF MY HANDS!

4

AS THE BATTERED CROOKS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...

A BANNER-HEADLINE JOB, *ELONGATED MAN!* FILL US IN ON THE DETAILS--

HOW'D YOU KNOW THERE WAS GOING TO BE A ROBBERY HERE?

I DIDN'T! I SORT OF--ER--RAN INTO IT!

I WAS ON MY WAY HERE TO MEET MY WIFE-- JUST AS A SNEAK-THIEF GRABBED-- SAY, WHAT *DID* HE STEAL, SUE?

A *LOVERS' LANTERN!* LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BRING ABSENT LOVED ONES SAFELY HOME!

WHAT A HUMAN-INTEREST ANGLE! "SUPER-HERO'S WIFE WORRIES WHILE HE WOWS WORLD!"

HOLD THAT POSE, MRS. DIBNY!

AFTER THE EXCITEMENT HAS DIED DOWN...

WHAT'S THIS, RALPH--GETTING BACK INTO YOUR STREET CLOTHES?

AREN'T YOU GOING AFTER THAT SNEAK-THIEF?

HONEY-- HOW *CAN* I? I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST IDEA WHERE HE WENT--OR WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE!

AT LEAST IT WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS! I CAUGHT THOSE AUCTION THIEVES!

BIG DEAL! AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED I'M OUT SEVENTY DOLLARS--OF MY OWN MONEY-- SPENT FOR *YOUR* SAFETY!

SO YOU'RE PERFECTLY WILLING TO LEAVE IT LIKE THAT! YOUR OWN WIFE--A ROBBERY VICTIM...

BELIEVE ME, DARLING, I'M ANYTHING *BUT* WILLING! WITHOUT A SINGLE CLUE TO GO ON, I ADMIT I'M STUMPED--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE!

5

NEXT MORNING THE LOCAL PAPER IS FILLED WITH THE STORY OF THE ROBBERY...

YEEECH! WHAT A BREAK! THIS LANTERN I SWIPED BELONGED TO THE ELONGATED MAN'S WIFE! I KNOW HIS REP AS A CROOK-CATCHER TOO WELL NOT TO REALIZE HE WON'T REST TILL HE TRACKS ME DOWN! MAYBE HE'LL LAY OFF ME IF I SEND THE LANTERN BACK TO HER!

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, A WOMAN READS THAT SAME PAPER WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT...

A MEDIEVAL LOVERS' LANTERN! AND-- I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND ONE OF THOSE FOR EVER SO LONG!

IF IT SHOULD BE RECOVERED, I WONDER IF MRS. DIBNY WOULD SELL IT TO ME-- ESPECIALLY WHEN I TELL HER HOW DESPERATELY I NEED IT!

SHORTLY IN THE DIBNY SUITE AT A LOCAL HOTEL...

YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS AN ARCHEOLOGIST-- EXCAVATING IN CENTRAL EUROPE-- WHEN HE WAS REPORTED CAPTURED BY BANDITS!

I'VE HEARD NO WORD FROM HIM IN ALMOST A YEAR...

YOU POOR DEAR!

I'VE BEEN HUNTING HIGH AND LOW FOR ONE OF THOSE LOVERS' LANTERNS EVER SINCE MY HUSBAND TOLD ME ABOUT THEM! IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I READ OF YOUR PURCHASING ONE-- AND MY DISMAY AT HAVING IT STOLEN FROM YOU! I'M CONVINCED MY ONLY HOPE OF SEEING MY HUSBAND AGAIN IS THAT LOVERS' LANTERN! WOULD YOU CONSIDER SELLING IT TO ME?

MRS. HANLON, I'LL GLADLY GIVE IT TO YOU-- IF I EVER GET IT BACK!

AN HOUR AFTER THE WEEPING WOMAN LEAVES...

SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE FOR YOU, MRS. DIBNY!

FROM A SECRET ADMIRER, SUE?

I BET IT'S FROM YOU, RALPH! YOU BOUGHT ME A PRESENT TO MAKE UP FOR THAT LOVERS' LANTERN!

OHHHH, YOU DARLING! YOU SNEAKED OUT LAST NIGHT AND CAUGHT THAT THIEF AFTER ALL! HAD IT GIFT-WRAPPED AND SENT IT TO ME!

THIS IS A MYSTERY TO ME, SUE! AND TO PROVE IT-- THERE GOES THAT TWITCHING NOSE OF MINE!

WELL-- HOWEVER IT GOT HERE-- I FEEL DUTY-BOUND TO GIVE IT TO THAT NICE MRS. HANLON!

HMMMM! AHA, YES. UH-HUH... MUMBLE... HE INCLUDED A NOTE, SAYING HOW HE WAS SORRY HE STOLE FROM THE WIFE OF THE *ELONGATED MAN!* UH-HUH... MUMBLE... HMM...

RALPH, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP MAKING THOSE GURGLING NOISES!

I OFTEN MAKE THEM WHEN I'M THINKING, HONEY! AND I'M THINKING NOW THAT I CAN CATCH UP TO THAT SNEAK-THIEF!

WHAT? BUT YESTERDAY YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE CLUE TO GO ON!

THAT WAS *YESTERDAY!*

TODAY-- THANKS TO THIS PACKAGE-- I KNOW THAT SNEAK-THIEF IS LEFT-HANDED-- THAT HE'S A RACE-HORSE FOLLOWER-- THAT HE SMOKES CIGARS-- THAT HE WAS ONCE A SAILOR--

OH, *COME ON,* NOW! HOW COULD YOU *POSSIBLY* KNOW ALL THAT ABOUT HIM FROM THAT *PACKAGE!*

THE NEWSPAPER IS COMPLETE, EXCEPT FOR THE RACING SECTION-- INDICATING HE PLAYS THE PONIES! THERE'S A BIT OF CIGAR ASH INSIDE THE BOX, PROBABLY DROPPED THERE WHEN HE WAS LINING IT WITH THE PROTECTIVE NEWSPAPER TO PREVENT DAMAGE TO THE LANTERN!

FROM THE SLANTED WRITING ON HIS NOTE, HE'S LEFT-HANDED! THE STRING AROUND THE PACKAGE WAS TIED WITH A *PIPE HITCH,* COMMONLY USED BY SAILORS!

BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND HIM? SURELY HE WASN'T OBLIGING ENOUGH TO LEAVE HIS ADDRESS ON THE PACKAGE?

NOT HIS ADDRESS-- OR HIS FINGERPRINTS! AND *THAT* IS THE FINAL "CLUE" THAT WILL LEAD ME TO HIM!

THE FACT THAT THERE ARE *NO FINGERPRINTS* ON THE NEWSPAPER-- OR PACKAGE-- INDICATES HE AVOIDED LEAVING THEM-- BECAUSE HIS PRINTS ARE ON FILE WITH THE POLICE! SO WHILE *I* DON'T HAVE HIS ADDRESS-- THE *POLICE* WILL! AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!

GOODNESS, RALPH! YOU SCARE ME, SOMETIMES, WITH YOUR BRILLIANCE!

7

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

A LEFT-HANDED, CIGAR-SMOKING EX-SAILOR WHO BETS ON HORSES?

WHY, SURE-- THAT'S *LEFTY LUKE KNOWLES!* HIS ADDRESS IS 452 OLD POND ROAD!

THANKS, OFFICER!

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR AT THE GIVEN ADDRESS...

Y- YOU--?!

WHATTA YOU WANT WITH *ME?* I SENT THE LANTERN BACK!

I KNOW THAT, *LEFTY--* BUT YOU *DID* STEAL IT AND THE LAW MUST TAKE ITS COURSE!

YOU'RE NOT TAKING *ME* IN!

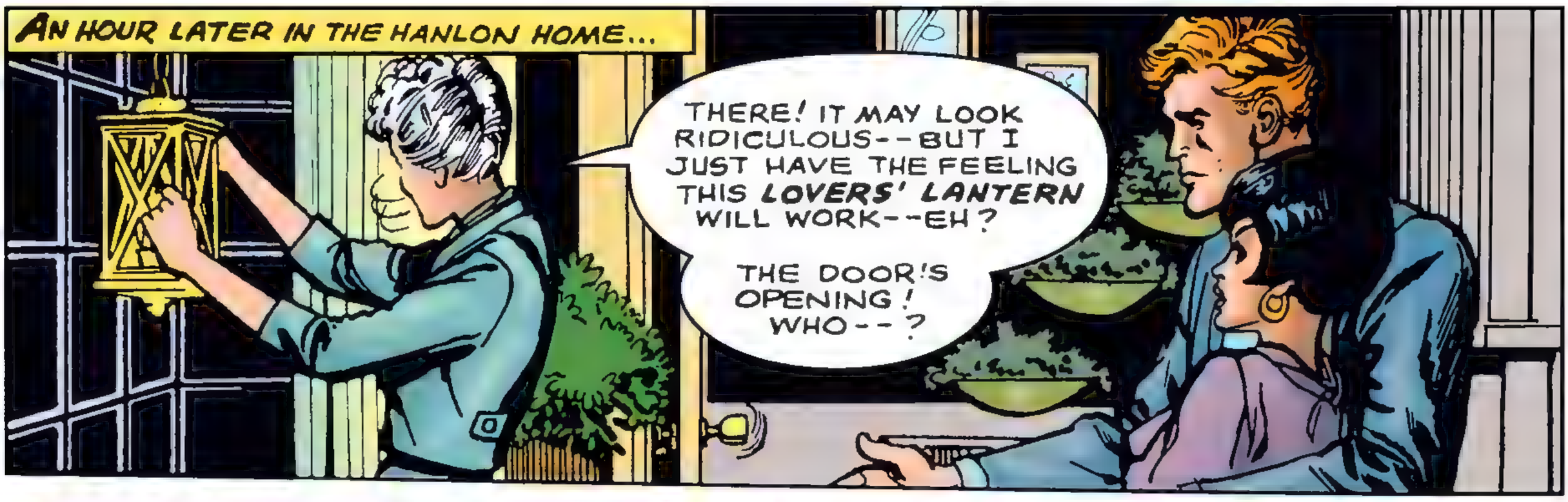
DON'T FIGHT IT, *LEFTY--* THE LAW IS BIGGER'N BOTH OF US!

KRACK

SORRY ABOUT THIS, FELLA--BUT PERHAPS THE JUDGE WILL TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION, AS A MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE- THE FACT THAT YOU SENT THE LANTERN BACK!

AND SPEAKING OF THE LANTERN--REMINDS ME I'VE GOT TO MEET SUE AT MRS. HANLON'S AFTER I TAKE HIM IN!

8


AN HOUR LATER IN THE HANLON HOME...
THERE! IT MAY LOOK RIDICULOUS--BUT I JUST HAVE THE FEELING THIS LOVERS' LANTERN WILL WORK--EH?
THE DOOR'S OPENING! WHO--?
JOHN!! IT'S YOU--COME HOME TO ME...!
WEREN'T YOU EXPECTING ME, MARTHA? DIDN'T YOU GET MY CABLEGRAM?
I ESCAPED FROM THOSE BANDITS AND CAUGHT A PLANE--AFTER CABLING YOU I WAS ON MY WAY! I GUESS IT MUST HAVE GONE ASTRAY!
9
R-RALPH, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT LOVERS' LANTERN REALLY HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIS SAFE RETURN?
IT WAS EITHER THAT--OR A COINCIDENCE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?
THE END

EARLY EVENING ON A SECLUDED HILLSIDE AND A MYSTERIOUS SILHOUETTE CUTS INTO THE CIRCLE OF THE MOON. POWERFUL HANDS CATCH AND HOLD... MUSCLED ARMS DRAW AN OMINOUS FORM UPWARD...

SNIP

SOPHISTICATED EQUIPMENT IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY AND DELICATE ALARM SYSTEMS ARE DISABLED...

ONCE INSIDE, THE HOODED FIGURE MOVES SWIFTLY AND SURELY, DISABLING EVERY DETECTION DEVICE HIS EXPERIENCED EYE ENCOUNTERS.

THEN WITH THE STEALTH OF A CAT, THE INTRUDER BYPASSES THE REMAINING ALARMS AS HE NEARS HIS GOAL...

DROPPING TO THE FLOOR, HE ARRANGES BITS OF TUBING AND GLASS. FINALLY HE WITHDRAWS A DECORATIVE BOX FROM HIS KIT-PACK...

THIS'LL REALLY SHAKE 'EM UP!

SECONDS LATER...

BRRRRRING

HEY, THAT'S THE ALARM IN THE PRACTICE ROOM! LET'S GO!

BUT WHO COULD'VE GOTTEN *THAT* FAR WITHOUT SETTING OFF THE OTHER ALARMS?

AHHH... GOTTA BE A STRAY CAT, *FLASHER!*

ONLY A CAT OR *ANDRE LE BLANC COULD* HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH, AND *LE BLANC* IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN JAIL!

RUN, TITANS, OBSERVE THE HANDIWORK OF

JOSHUA!

TITANS FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

BRRIINNNGG

WHAAAT...?!? IS THIS SOME SORT OF GAG?

NO GAG, SPEEDY. THIS MEANS SOMEONE HAS PENETRATED OUR WHOLE ALARM SYSTEM!

MAYBE *LE BLANC* HAS ESCAPED JAIL... THEN THERE'S *THE JOKER*. THIS IS HIS TYPE OF BAG.

ONE THING'S SURE, THIS JACK-IN-THE-BOX WAS SET TO BREAK THE LOWER BEAM AT A SPECIAL TIME. *WHOEVER* IS IN HERE COULD BE *ANYWHERE* IN THE BUILDING!

HEY!-- I JUST HEARD SOMETHING FROM THE MEETING ROOM! *LET'S GO!!*

HEY!... WHO'S THAT?

BEATS ME, GROUP LEADER... COULD BE *ANYONE* UNDERNEATH THE SNAZZY THREADS!

SPEAK UP, FUNNY MAN!

WELL, WELL! I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER RETURN TO COMPLIMENT THE SENSE OF HUMOR OF YOURS TRULY, *JOSHUA!*

BAD MOVE, SPEEDY, I JUST CAME HERE TO TALK!

WHY, YOU CORNY OVERGROWN CLOWN ...

YIIIIIIII

K-ZAK

3

SPEEDY STAGGERS BACK AND SLUMPS INTO A CHAIR... INSTANTLY, KID FLASH RUSHES AT THE STRANGELY GARBED FIGURE... WITH NO BETTER RESULTS...

I... I CAN'T TOUCH HIM...

...NO MATTER HOW FAST I MOVE IN ON HIM...

...I GET SHORT CIRCUITED! UNH!

IF YOU'VE HURT KID FLASH, I'LL... *OWWW*... MY BRACELETS... *ELECTRIFIED... PULLING ME BACK!*

STAY BACK, WONDER GIRL! I HAVE NO WISH TO HARM YOU OR YOUR FRIENDS. I CAME MERELY TO TALK TO YOU... TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP. PLEASE, HEAR ME OUT!

ALL RIGHT, FACELESS! THESE ARE RUBBER GLOVES I'M PUTTING ON... YOUR ELECTRICAL DEVICES WON'T WORK AGAINST ME!

TALK... AND YOUR STORY HAD BETTER BE GOOD OR I'M GOING TO MOP UP THE PLACE WITH YOU!

MY STORY... MY PROBLEM... IS ***NOT*** GOOD. I ONLY HOPE YOU TITANS ARE ***GOOD*** ENOUGH TO BE OF SOME HELP!

I'VE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO KEEP A GROUP OF NORMALLY NICE KIDS OUT OF TROUBLE. THEY'VE FALLEN IN WITH A BUNCH OF ***BAD-NEWS EX-CONS*** WHO'VE BEEN SPOON-FEEDING ***HATE*** TO THEM. NOW THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ANYONE WHO'S OLDER THAN AGE TWENTY-ONE!

4

I'M NOT LOOKING TO PUT YOU DOWN, BIG MAN, BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF KIDS WHO *MIGHT* GET IN TROUBLE. WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS BUNCH?

JUST THIS, *ONE* OF THEIR NUMBER WAS ARRESTED YESTERDAY, SO THEY'VE DECIDED TO DEMONSTRATE AT THE POLICE STATION TONIGHT... IT'LL TURN INTO A RIOT!

AND THE CONS HAVE SUPPLIED THEM WITH *GUNS!*

BRO-THER... ... YOU MADE YOUR POINT. *LET'S GO!*

R-R-R-R-R-R

THAT'S THE WORD I WAS WAITING FOR, TITANS...

MY TRANSPORTATION IS JUST OUTSIDE YOUR HANGAR. FOLLOW ME!

JOSHUA... THAT DOOR ELECTRONICALLY OPERAT... *HEY!* TOO MUCH! HE ACTIVATED THE DOOR WITH THAT LITTLE GIZMO!

AFTER THIS CAPER, FELLOW TROUPERS, I NOMINATE JOSHUA AS OFFICIAL GIZMO DESIGNER AROUND HERE!

WAIT, JOSH!.. BLAST! HE'S OUT OF EARSHOT ALREADY!.. I FORGOT OUR COPTER IS BEING REPAIRED. WE CAN'T FOLLOW HIM!

A GREAT BUNCH OF HERO-TYPES WE ARE! FLASHER,.. YOU AND WONDER CHICK'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE. WE'LL FOLLOW AND CATCH UP LATER!

NO PANIC, *ROBIN.* I CAN GET US ALL TO THE SCENE OF THE DEBACLE WITH NO SWEAT!

5

RUNNING IN A TIGHT CIRCLE AT A FANTASTIC SPEED, KID FLASH CREATES AN UPDRAFT STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT HIS TEAM-MATES ON A CUSHION ON AIR.

THIS IS A GREAT WAY TO TRAVEL, FLASHER!

DON'T GET USED TO IT!

IT MAKES ME DIZZY!

SOON...

WE'RE JUST IN TIME, *TITANS!* HERE THEY COME! *TALK* TO THEM...THEY'LL LISTEN TO *YOU!*

I'LL CUT OUT *NOW!*...THIS COSTUME DOESN'T COVER UP THE FACT THAT *I'M OUT* OF THEIR GENERATION.

HEY, MAN...*LOOK!*... IT'S THE *TEEN TITANS.* I'LL BET THEY CAME HERE TO HELP US!

SURE, *THEY* KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENIN', BABY!

YEAH!

HATED TO LEAVE THE TITANS ALONE LIKE THAT...

BUT IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR *FAT CAT* TO BEGIN TRANSMITTING AND I *CAN'T* MISS THAT!

WHAT'S THIS?.. ANOTHER IRON IN THE FIRE? IT'S A SHAME WE HAVE TO TURN TO THE *NEXT* PAGE TO SEE WHAT'S *REALLY HAPPENING,* BABY!

6

PART II

WHEN HE REACHES HIS DESTINATION, THE MAN KNOWN ONLY AS *JOSHUA* DOFFS HIS HEAD GEAR AND SEATS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF A LAYOUT OF COMPLICATED RADIO AND ELECTRONIC GEAR...

TAPE MONO

NG3 RECEIVING YOUR ORDERS HOLD! OPERATION *JERICHO* WILL GO ON AS SCHEDULED! PREPARE ACCORDING TO FORMULA!

WHAT FORMULA? *WHAT SCHEDULE? WHEN?... WHERE?... WHAT... IS JERICHO?*

I'VE BEEN SPYING IN ON THIS FREQUENCY AND I'VE LEARNED NOTHING NEW ALL WEEK!

WHAMP

ATTENTION, FAT CAT! SEVEN HOURS TO *JERICHO*. BEGIN NOW!

CHECK. MY GROUP IS RETURNING FROM ASSIGNMENT. THEY'LL BE EMOTIONALLY PREPARED FOR JERICHO! OUT!

CLICK!

I HAVE SEVEN HOURS TO STOP *JERICHO*... WHERE?

AND AT WHAT PRICE?

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW MY ORIGINAL PLAN!

WITH AN AIR OF RESIGNATION, JOSHUA RETURNS TO HIS VEHICLE...

PERHAPS THE TITANS HAVE SOLVED *PART* OF MY PROBLEM...

THEN I COULD GO TO THE POLICE...

7

AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

SINCE YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO BE LEADER OF THIS MARCH, *CHUCK*... YOU OUGHT TO BE SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THAT YOU'RE HEADING FOR DISASTER!

LOOK, WE'RE GONNA DEMONSTRATE WHETHER YOU CAPED *ANTI-CRUSADERS LIKE* IT OR NOT. WE'RE RIGHT THIS TIME!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT THEN WHY DO YOU NEED TO PACK GUNS?

Y'MEAN *THESE?!*

HEY, WATCH IT!

IT'S PART OF OUR PROTEST. THE ESTABLISHMENT USES THEM ON US...

SQUOOOSH

...SO WE'RE GONNA USE 'EM ON THE ESTABLISHMENT...

GLUB SPUT

SINCE YOU TITANS HAVE BECOME PART OF THE ESTABLISHMENT... HERE'S MUD-IN-YOUR-EYE!

VERY FUNNY... BUT IF YOU PULL THOSE AT THE DEMONSTRATION AND THE POLICE THINK THEY'RE REAL, THEN WHAT?

TITANS, YOU'VE BLOCKED OUR WAY LONG ENOUGH. MY BROTHER'S AN EX-MARINE AND HE TAUGHT ME A FEW THINGS ABOUT *REMOVING* OBSTACLES...

THIS ONE IS MY FAVORITE!

LET'S TAKE THESE STUFFED SHIRTS OUTA THE GAME, GUYS!

COULD IT BE THAT ALL IS NOT GOING WELL IN THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS?

8

AT FIRST THE BATTLE-HARDENED *TITANS* PULL THEIR PUNCHES, BUT SOON THEY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED AND FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES...

THE DYNAMIC QUARTET IS FORCED DEEPER INTO THE SHADOWS... WHERE...

THANKS, JOSH, GLAD YOU CAME BACK. THOSE KIDS HAVE WATER PISTOLS, BY THE WAY, NOT GUNS!

MY INFORMATION WAS THAT THEY WERE GIVEN GUNS! THEY MUST'VE DITCHED THEM AND PICKED UP THE WATER PISTOLS... THAT ALONE PROVES THEY'RE NOT REALLY BAD KIDS!

NOT BAD... JUST A LITTLE SHORT-TEMPERED, IS ALL!

AND MY TEMPER'S BEGINNING TO SHORTEN. WHAT'S THIS WHOLE THING ***REALLY*** ABOUT? WHERE WERE ***YOU*** DURING THE ACTION? WHAT'S ***YOUR*** INTEREST IN THIS WHOLE BIT?

9

SORRY, FRIENDLY TEENY-BOPPERS, I CAN'T ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS... YET!

SHALL I STOP HIM?

FORGET IT. HE'S NOT GOING TO TALK. WE'LL PUT THIS PUZZLE TOGETHER OURSELVES.

GREETINGS, CATS. YOU LOOK BUSTED-UP LIKE. SOMETHING GO WRONG AT THE DEMONSTRATION?

WE NEVER GOT THERE, *FAT CAT!* THE *TEEN TITANS* SHOWED AND HELD US UP. WE SCARED 'EM OFF, THOUGH!

Y'KNOW, FAT CAT, I THINK THOSE *TITANS* ARE FORTY-YEAR-OLD MIDGETS! THEY SOUND LIKE OLD MEN!

RIIIIGHT, BABY! LISTEN, CHUCK, TAKE A COUPLE BOYS AND GET THE PAINT FROM THE BACK ROOM. REMEMBER, OPERATION *JERICHO!*

HOW COULD I *FORGET?*

THE *TITANS* COULD MESS THINGS UP. I'D BETTER CONTACT NG3. HE'LL GET ORDERS FROM THE LEADER.

10

STORY & PENCILS: NEAL ADAMS

INKED BY: NICK CARDY

EDITOR: DICK GIORDANO

MINUTES LATER, SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE...

BEG PARDON, SIR!

A CALL FOR YOU ON VIEW SCREEN 6!

THEN OPEN THE CHANNEL, GRAFLEY!

REGIONAL LEADER NG3 REPORTING, SIR! CODE-NAME: FAT CAT HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE TEEN TITANS ARE IN NEW YORK AND HAVE BLUNDERED INTO PART OF HIS ORGANIZATION. OPERATION JERICHO IS NOT IN DANGER... *YET*! BUT FAT CAT WISHES TO TAKE NO CHANCES. REQUEST FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!

IT *IS* POSSIBLE THEY WILL LEARN NOTHING OF JERICHO UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE! BUT THEN AGAIN... THEY *HAVE* TANGLED WITH OUR AGENTS BEFORE, AND WE'VE COME UP WITH THE SHORT END OF THE STICK!

THE SCORCHER, DR. LARNER, AND OTHERS HAVE FAILED IN THEIR MISSIONS BECAUSE OF THOSE BLASTED TEEN-AGERS. WE CANNOT ALLOW THEM TO BECOME MORE OF A THORN IN OUR SIDE THAN THEY ALREADY ARE!

SINCE CODE-NAME: FAT CAT HAS SUFFICIENT MEANS OF DESTRUCTION,

THE TEEN TITANS MUST DIE!!

THE TEEN TITANS MUST DIE!

FAT CAT, THOSE ARE ORDERS FROM THE LEADER. NOTHING MUST INTERFERE WITH *OPERATION JERICHO*... IS THAT CLEAR?

CLEAR. THE EQUIPMENT IS SET UP. THE TITANS WILL SOON BE DEAD. *OPERATION JERICHO* WILL COMMENCE ON SCHEDULE... AT EXACTLY SEVEN O'CLOCK! FAT CAT OUT!

FAT CAT, OUT!

OH, *GREAT*. WHAT A TIME FOR THIS TO HAPPEN. I'VE *GOT* TO FINISH THIS EQUIPMENT... NO TIME TO WARN THE *TITANS!*

A SHORT TIME LATER AS THE *TEEN TITANS* FOLLOW A LEAD...

HEY, IT'S CHUCK!

HEY, *TITANS*. BOY, AM I GLAD I FOUND YOU. I NEED YOUR HELP!

MY *BUDDIES*... THEY DECIDED TO USE REAL GUNS THIS TIME...

BLEEKER

2ND AVE

I TRIED TO TALK THEM OUT OF IT, BUT IT'S *NO GO!* YOU GOTTA STOP THEM. WILL YOU COME?

LEAD THE WAY, CHUCK!

SOME KIND OF TRAP... BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

13

THE *TEEN TITANS* ARE LED TO A NEIGHBORHOOD THAT IS ABOUT TO BE TORN DOWN TO MAKE WAY FOR A REDEVELOPMENT PROJECT...

THIS WAY, *TITANS!*

EMPTY WINDOWS LOOK OUT ONTO EMPTY STREETS. STREETS WHERE CHILDREN ONCE PLAYED GAMES LIKE STREET FOOTBALL, PUNCH-BALL, RING-A-LEVIO, AND...

WE MEET UPSTAIRS-- C'MON, EVERYBODY'S WAITING!

CONDEMNED

MONKEY-IN-THE-MIDDLE!

HIT 'EM, FAT CAT!

IT'S A TRAP! SOME KINDA SONIC BEAM!

IT WORKED! THEY'RE OFF BALANCE! GET 'EM!

I--I JUST SEE SHAPES. A--KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLORS WHIRLING AROUND!

CAN'T STAND STRAIGHT... EVERYTHING'S DISTORTED!

I-IT'S LIKE BEING ON A *MERRY-GO-ROUND!*

14

ROBIN, COVER ME. I'LL KNOCK OUT THOSE LIGHTS!
COVER YOU? CAN'T EVEN KEEP MY BAL... UH...
POP POW POW POP POW
THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM! TIE 'EM UP!
SHALL WE END THE STORY HERE, READER?
15

WE GOT THE PAINT, FAT CAT! YOU MIXED IT KIND OF THICK!

IT'S GOTTA BE *THICK* TO BE SEEN BY THOSE CATS ON PARK AVENUE. AND IT'S GOTTA BE *GREEN* ... THAT'S A COLOR THEY RECOGNIZE ... THE COLOR OF *MONEY!*

CHUCK, YOU STICK HERE AND HELP ME WATCH THESE CREEPS!

THEY'VE LEFT, TITANS, SO LEMME TELL YA... *NOTHIN'* CAN STOP *OPERATION JERICHO!* THAT "PAINT" IS *REALLY* PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE. THEY'RE GONNA SMEAR IT ALL OVER PARK AVENUE!

THEN... AT EXACTLY SEVEN O'CLOCK AN ELECTRONIC IMPULSE WILL *BLOW* PARK AVENUE...

...RIGHT INTO *GRAND CENTRAL STATION!*

... IN THE ENSUING PANIC OUR BOYS WILL CLEAN OUT EVERY BANK IN THE SURROUNDING AREA!

YOU MADMAN! ... UH!

YOU... LITTLE FOOL! *YOU'RE* GOING TO TAKE THE RAP FOR THE DEATH OF THE *TEEN TITANS!*

YOU COWARD!

PARK AVENUE AT 6:45 A.M. IS PRACTICALLY DESERTED IN THE LULL BETWEEN NIGHT AND MORNING. THE QUIET IS BROKEN BY A SWARM OF TEENAGERS WHO BEGIN TO SPILL AND SMEAR *THICK* GREEN PAINT ON THE STREET, WHILE BENEATH THE PAVEMENT EARLY TRAINS HEAD INTO GRAND CENTRAL STATION!

16

MEANWHILE...

WE'D BETTER GO AHEAD AND CLEAR THE STREETS IN CASE *JOSH'S* PLAN DOESN'T WORK, KID!

RIGHT! I'LL *MEET YOU* THERE, BEAUTIFUL!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SUPER-HERO TYPES DRAGGED *ME* ALONG? I HELPED *CAUSE* THIS EMERGENCY!

YEAH, JOSH, HOW COME? WHY TRUST HIM? HE COULD STILL BE INVOLVED!

HE'S *NOT* INVOLVED ANY LONGER... HE KNOWS HE AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN DUPED. I'M SURE OF THAT! MY *BROTHER* ISN'T A *COMPLETE IDIOT!*

YOUR BRO... *DAVE*, *YOU??*

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER...

THERE! FLASHER AND *WONDER CHICK* ARE CLEARING THE STREET. NOW WHAT?

NOW I'LL TURN MY DEVICE ON. IT'S DESIGNED TO JAM *EVERY* ELECTRONIC IMPULSE ON *ANY* FREQUENCY. IF IT WORKS, THERE'LL BE *NO* WAY ANYONE CAN DETONATE THE EXPLOSIVE!

IF IT DOESN'T WORK... *BOOOOM!*

17

HEY, CATS! THE WHOLE PLACE IS GONNA *BLOW!* *BUG OUT!* *BUG OUT!*

GOOD BOY, CHUCK!...

I'VE ALERTED THE POLICE BY RADIO...THEY'RE ON THE WAY! BUT IN ONE MINUTE SOMEONE IN THIS AREA WILL PRESS THE BOOM BUTTON! ROBIN, SPEEDY, YOU GOTTA FIND HIM!

CHECK!

EEEEEEEEEE

IN SECONDS...

THERE... DOWN THE STREET! THAT GUY'S GOT SOMETHING... COULD BE THE GUY WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR!

THUD

TWO MORE MEN DRAW GUNS AS THE *BOY WONDER* DASHES IN WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF A THUNDERCLAP!

EEEE-EEEEEEEEE-EE

ROBIN! THE OTHER GUY... *HE'S NEAR THE DEVICE!*

YOU MANIAC... YOU LOUSY, LOUSY...
ZAK
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
HE...HE PRESSED THE BUTTON... BUT NOTHING HAP... WAIT!
THAT PAINTED AREA. IT'S TREMBLING LIKE IT'S ALIVE... SHIFTING...
IT'S CHANGING...GETTING THICKER!...SWELLING UPWARDS!
THAT'S LIKE NO EXPLOSIVE I'VE EVER SEEN!
IT'S GROWING BIGGER, FASTER!
GET BACK... QUICK! NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
IT-IT'S GETTING GIGANTIC!... LOOKS LIKE AN ENORMOUS GELATIN MOLD!
YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THROUGH IT... LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE!
AS THE MOUND DOUBLES AND REDOUBLES ITS SIZE WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, AN IRIS-LIKE OPENING AT ITS SUMMIT STRETCHES OUTWARD...
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
19

EEEEE

EEEEE

EEEEE

THE SIZE OF IT... NOTHING ... NO ONE ... COULD STOP IT IF IT GETS OUT OF THAT CYLINDER... AND *IT'S GETTING OUT!*

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT IS IT? *WHAT IS IT?*

NO! NO! SUCH A THING *CAN'T* EXIST! *IT CAN'T!*

HELP!

20

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

IT'S BEGINNING TO CLIMB OUT! NO, WAIT! IT'S STOPPING! IT'S IN PAIN!

JOSH'S JAMMING DEVICE... IT...IT'S SOLIDIFYING THE CYLINDER! THE MONSTER'S WITHDRAWING!

THE CYLINDER'S BEGINNING TO CRACK, TO SHATTER!

JOSHUA'S AMPLIFYING HORN DID IT... SOMEHOW... THE MONSTER DISAPPEARED... AS...AS...IF IT NEVER EXISTED!

21

THE POLICE HAVE THE REST OF THE GANG IN CUSTODY! HOW ABOUT TELLING US HOW YOU DID THAT?

I *DIDN'T!* AT LEAST, NOT *INTENTIONALLY!* I CAN ONLY GUESS AT WHAT HAPPENED. WHATEVER CAUSED THAT MONSTROSITY TO APPEAR MUST HAVE BEEN USING SOME OF THE FREQUENCIES I WAS BLANKETING!

I ALSO SUSPECT THAT THE MONSTER WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO EVERYONE INCLUDING *THE PLANNERS* OF *OPERATION JERICHO!*

HOW DID *YOU* LEARN OF OPERATION JERICHO, ANYWAY?

ACCIDENTALLY! PICKED UP A SHORTWAVE MESSAGE ONE NIGHT... *FAT CAT* WAS A SECRET AGENT! I TRIED TO GET MY BROTHER OUT OF FAT'S GANG BEFORE REAL TROUBLE BEGAN, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN! SO I ENLISTED YOUR AID.

I BEGAN BUILDING MY DEVICE SEVEN HOURS AGO WHEN THE "GO" ORDER FOR *JERICHO* CAME!

I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE OR WHAT *JERICHO* WAS... EXCEPT THAT IT WOULD BE INITIATED BY ELECTRONIC IMPULSE. BEING AN ELECTRONICS ENGINEER, MY CHOICE WAS OBVIOUS!

THAT SETTLES IT, BIG BROTHER! YOU WON'T NEED AN ELECTRICALLY CHARGED SUPER-SUIT TO PULL ME INTO LINE AGAIN! YOU GOT *A LOT* ON THE BALL FOR A SQUARE!

AT THAT SAME TIME LEVEL, IN ANOTHER DIMENSION...

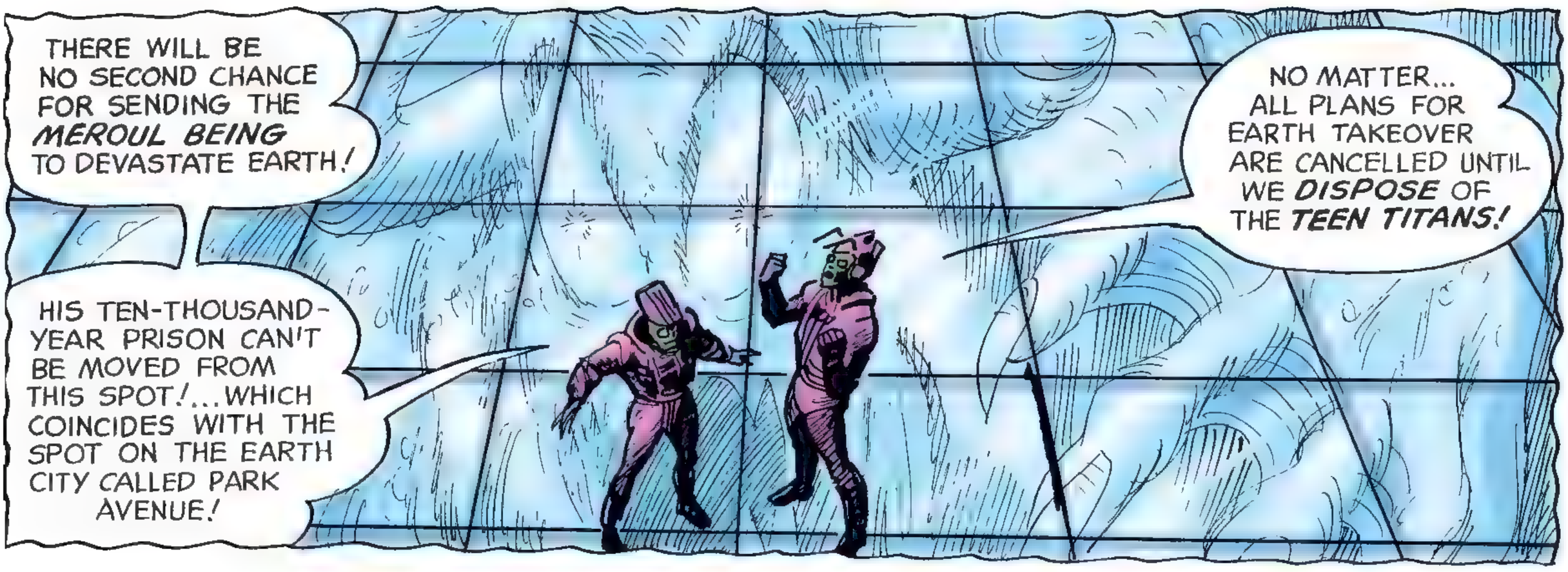
WE *FAILED!* *HOW CAN THAT BE?* THE PLAN WAS PERFECT! THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE TELEPORTATION FORMULA... *EVERYTHING!!*

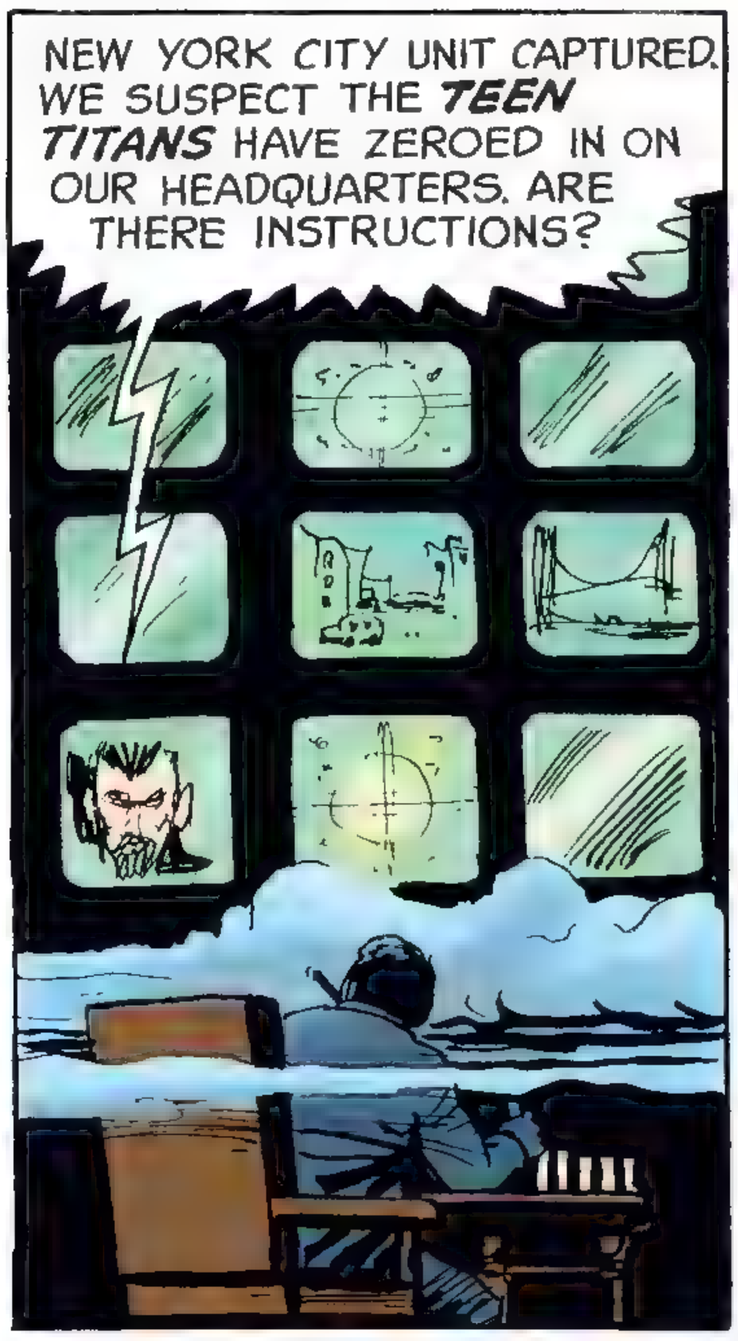
NO! MY CONTROL IS *COMPLETE!* THEY HAVE NO INKLING THEY ARE BEING CONTROLLED BY US FROM OUR DIMENSION!

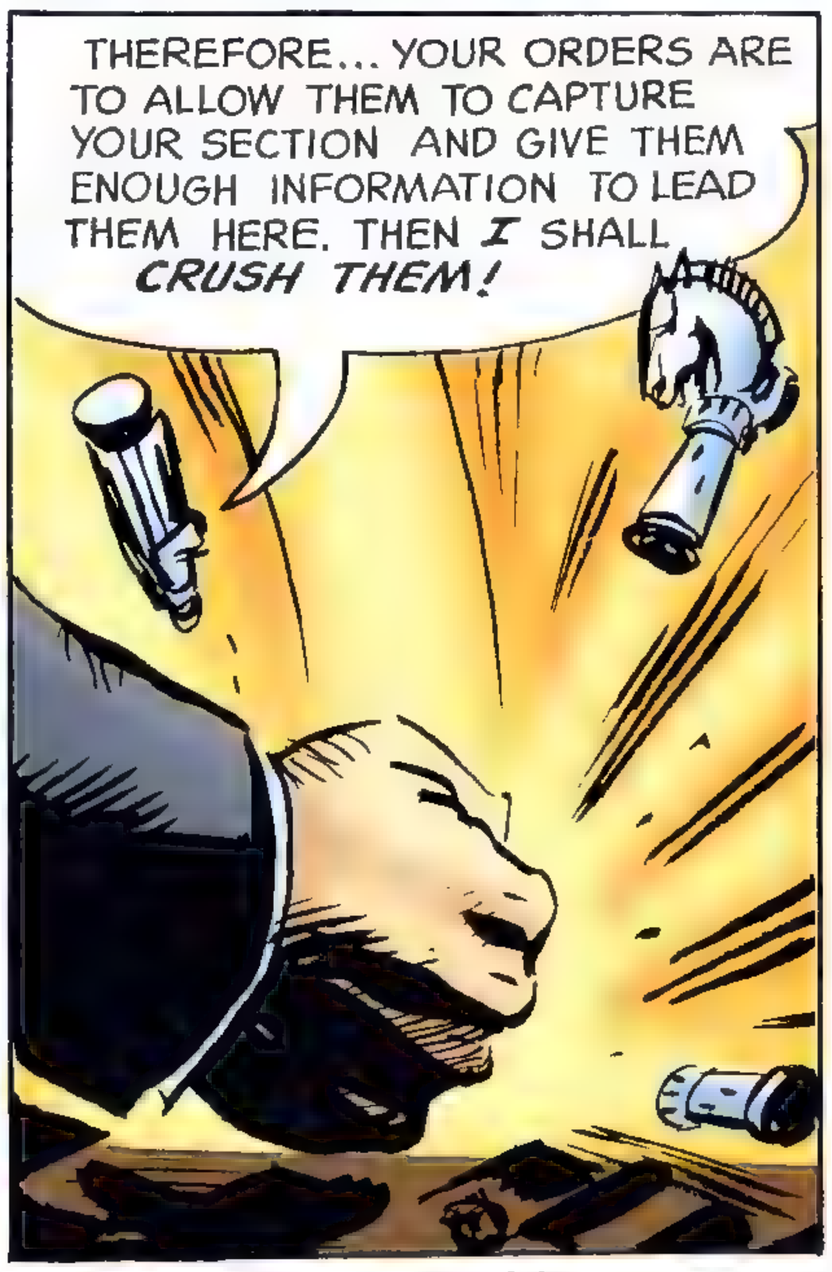
...UNLESS... UNLESS... YOUR CONTROL OF THAT EARTH ORGANIZATION IS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD BE!?

THE PLAN *WAS* PERFECT! BUT THOSE *TITANS* BECAME INVOLVED AT THE LAST MINUTE AND SOMEHOW RUINED OUR ASSAULT, AS THEY DID ONCE BEFORE! *

*AS SEEN IN T.T. NO. 16, "THE DIMENSIONAL CAPER."







NEXT "THE CITADEL OF FEAR!" With GUEST STARS... THE HAWK AND THE DOVE !!

CITADEL OF FEAR

LIKE FLEDGLING BIRDS, TWO FIGURES LAUNCH THEMSELVES AT THEIR PREY...

...BLOCKING THE WAY OF FOUR YOUTHFUL CRIME FIGHTERS IN THEIR OWN SPIRITED DASH AT THE SAME LONE FIGURE!

OHHHH

HEY-UH!

AK

ACCCCH!

OWWW

OOOFF

The HAWK AND THE DOVE

GUEST STARS OF

THE TEEN TITANS

C'MON, TITANS! WE GOTTA GET PAST THESE COSTUMED GOONS... THAT GUY'S DISAPPEARING IN-TO THAT MACHINE!

HOLD ON, YOU FOOL-- UH!!

DOVE!

PICK ON SOMEONE WHO'LL FIGHT BACK, YOU PINT-SIZED ROBIN HOOD! SOMEONE LIKE ME... THE HAWK!

THAT GUY WE WERE CHASING CAN WAIT'LL I MOP UP THESE BRATS IN THE SNAPPY LONG-JOHNS.

HAWK AND DOVE! THEY'RE WANTED BY THE POLICE!

LOOK AT THE PRETTY BIRD I JUST PULLED FROM THE SKY WITH MY LIT-TLE YEL-LOW ROB-IN'S WINGS!

WHAMP

ROBIN! LEAVE THE HAWK ALONE. I'LL TALK TO HIM. THIS FIGHTING IS USELESS!

HEY--!

THAT'S IT, DOVE! HOLD HIM LIKE THAT... TILL I CREAM HIM!!

2

NO, HAWK! THESE GUYS ARE THE TEEN TITANS, THEY COU-- OOOMPH!!

SORRY, CHUM, CAN'T WAIT FOR LONG SPEECHES. THAT LOOK ON YOUR PARTNER'S PUSS IS DEFINITELY NOT FRIENDLY!

YOU JUST MADE A BAAAD MISTAKE, BABY!

:OOOOH:

OOOP THOSE SPINNING LIGHTS--CAN'T KEEP MY BALANCE--

IN ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN HIS BALANCE, DOVE UNKNOWINGLY JARS LOOSE A PACKING CASE...

!! HOLY--!

MY PSYCHEDELIC ARROW 'LL KNOCK HIM OUT OF ACTION FOR A FEW MINUTES!

GOTCHA, BEAUTIFUL!

SKASH

YOU DO THAT "RESCUING THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS" BIT PRETTY WELL, FEATHERS... THANKS!

NOTHING, BEAUTIFUL! THE HARD THING'S HAVING TO PUT YOU DOWN SO'S I CAN START FIGHTING AGAIN!

THEN ***DON'T*** PUT HER DOWN...

AT LEAST NOT UNTIL WE GET THIS *MESS* STRAIGHTENED OUT!

PUT WONDER GIRL DOWN, HOT HEAD--AND START TALKIN'-- AND MAKE IT ***GOOD!***

YOU SURE HAVE A LOTTA MOUTH FOR A ***LITTLE*** RED ROBIN HOOD-- ESPECIALLY SINCE ***YOU*** STARTED THE FIGHT ***AND*** CAUSED THE ACCIDENT!

ME?! YOU WERE THE ONES WHO BLOCKED US AS WE WERE ABOUT TO GRAB THAT GUY BEFORE HE GOT INTO HIS MACHINE--AND ***ESCAPED!***

WAIT! WE WERE AFTER HIM, TOO... FOR ***SMUGGLING!*** WE JUST ALL GOT INTO EACH OTHER'S WAY!

LET'S STOP WASTING TIME ARGUING AND FIND OUT ***WHERE*** HE WENT!

4

THIS TELEPORTATION DEVICE HAS TWO SETTINGS. CAN'T TELL WHICH THAT SMUGGLING SPY USED!

WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS. SET THE DIAL FOR ONE DESTINATION AND WE'LL CHOOSE TEAMS!

YOU CAN LET ME DOWN NOW, MY FINE PINIONED FRIEND!

IN JUST ONE MINUTE, BEAUTIFUL...

AS KID FLASH SETS THE TELEPORTER'S DIAL, HAWK LEAPS FORWARD...

C'MON, DOVE-- INTO THE MACHINE!

I'VE CHOSEN THE TEAMS!

...AND I'LL LET YOU DOWN ANYTIME YOU SAY, WONDER GIRL!

T-THEY'RE GONE... WELL, I GUESS THAT SETTLES THE CHOOSING OF THE TEAMS!

AND THAT'S **ALL** IT SETTLES! THE NEXT TIME I GET MY HANDS ON THE HAWK I'M ***REALLY*** GONNA SETTLE SOMETHING!

I JUST HOPE I DON'T HOLD YOU GUYS BACK. MY LEG STILL HURTS FROM THAT FALL BACK THERE!

COOL IT, SPEEDY, THE TEAMS ARE SPLIT UP EVENLY. HAWK AND DOVE ARE NO PUSHOVERS AND W.G. CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!

SETTING THE TELEPORTER ON ITS SECOND SETTING, THE REMAINING TITANS LAUNCH THEMSELVES AT THE CRACKLING DOORWAY...

...AS SECONDS EARLIER, A RECEIVING MACHINE DISGORGED ITS LOAD IN ***ISTANBUL, TURKEY!***

TAKE 'EM QUICKLY BEFORE THEY START BLASTIN'!

UH-OH, TROUBLE! ARMED GUARDS!

5

WE COULD HAVE GOT BY THEM WITHOUT WIPING THEM OUT, BARBARIAN!

QUIT BELLY-ACHIN'! THEY WERE *LOOKIN'* FOR TROUBLE AND THEY **GOT** IT! IF I LEFT THINGS UP TO YOU, THAT'D BE **US** BACK THERE SMEARED ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE!

WHILE IN BERLIN, A ***REAL*** CAUSE FOR BELLY-ACHING SITS AT A TV MONITOR CONSOLE, WATCHING THE TRIO'S EVERY MOVE--

THIS HAWK AND DOVE DID NOT FIGURE IN OUR ORIGINAL PLAN. BUT THEIR BUMBLING ALLOWED ME TO ESCAPE FROM THE TITANS ***AND*** TO SET THE TRAP!

IN THAT CASE WE MUST BE PROPERLY GRATEFUL. THEY HAVE PERFORMED AN INVALUABLE SERVICE!

WE MUST THINK OF SOME SUITABLE REWARD. PERHAPS YOU CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING, NG 3, SOMETHING ...***SUITABLE?***

"YES SIR, I THINK I HAVE JUST THE THING!"

KINDA SPOOKY!

IT'D BE LESS SPOOKY WITHOUT THAT LOW RUMBLING I HEAR!

SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM ALL AROUND US!

HEY, ARE THOSE COLUMNS CLOSER TO US THAN THEY WERE A MINUTE AGO?

THAT'S IT!.. THE RUMBLING! ...THE COLUMNS ARE *MOVING IN ON US!!*

W...WE'LL BE TRAPPED-- *CRUSHED!!*

G--GOT TO HOLD THEM BACK!

NO USE-- THEY'RE FANTASTICALLY POWERFUL!

CAN'T BUDGE 'EM ... MAYBE WE CAN SQUEEZE BETWEEN THEM! *TRY IT... HURRY!!*

UH *NO USE!*

WE'LL *NEVER* GET THROUGH...

7

THEY'VE STOPPED! THEY'RE NOT COMING ANY CLOSER... BUT WE'RE STILL TRAPPED!

NOT FOR LONG... IF ALL THREE OF US WORK ON ONE COLUMN, I'LL BET WE CAN MOVE IT! C'MON!

WAIT-- WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

SSSSSSSSSS

IT'S GAS... GAS! :COUGH:

NO! :COUGH:

"VERY GOOD, AGENT NG 3. THEIR REWARD IS MOST SUITABLE! PERHAPS NOW WE CAN GO ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF FINISHING OFF THE TEEN TITANS! THE DEATH OF THE REMAINING THREE SHOULD PROVIDE EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT!"

8

PART II

"THE CITADEL OF FEAR!"

MEANWHILE THE REMAINING TITANS END THEIR TELE-PORTER TRIP SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY OF BERLIN.

WE'RE HERE... WHEREVER "HERE" IS.

LOOKS LIKE A FANCY BOMB SHELTER TO ME.

FUNNY, I GET THAT SAME IMPRESSION.

NOT SO FUNNY. WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY, THIS IS PART OF AN OLD INTER-CONNECTING AIR RAID SHELTER SYSTEM!

THIS MACHINE HAS NO ONE GUARDING IT... FISHY SET-UP.

THIS WAY...

IF THIS IS A TRAP LET'S SEE HOW WELL LAID IT IS!

THEY FOLLOW THE RAILROAD TRACKS... *EXQUISITE!* YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL, *NG3!* YOU MAY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SIGNALING THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE TEEN TITANS!

THANK YOU, SIR!

IT *IS* A *TRAP*... *AND WE'VE SPRUNG IT!*

...BUT WHAT *IS* THAT THING, AND WHAT'S IT FIRING AT US?

BLAM

WHATEVER IT IS, GROUP LEADER, IT'S A "*NO-NO*"!

ZOW ZOW ZOW ZOW ZOW ZOW

IT'S ON TRACKS AND IT'S AS BIG AS A LOCOMOTIVE... *AND* IT'S PASSENGERS ARE DEFINITELY HOSTILE TYPES!

THEY HAVE US *TRAPPED LIKE RATS...* NO PLACE TO GO...WE'VE GOTTA *STAND AND FIGHT!*

FLASHER, WE CAN'T KEEP DUCKING THOSE SCIENCE-FICTION-TYPE ENERGY GUNS! *CAN YOU TAKE 'EM OUT?*

PRETTY PLEASE.

YOU GOT IT!

LEG STILL HURTS... SO I CAN'T RUN AT TOP SPEED...

10

BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP ME FROM WHIPPING UP AN INSTANT HURRICANE WITH MY ARM.

THWISSS THWISSS THWISSS

75!

THEN, IN A BLUR OF MOTION RIVALING THAT OF KID FLASH, THE YOUTHFUL ACE-ARCHER NOTCHES AND LETS FLY A FLURRY OF FEATHERED MISSILES... THAT SEEK THEIR TARGET...

...WITH *DEVASTATING* ACCURACY!

ZZIP

BLAM

AND FINALLY, THE SPRING-STEEL MUSCLES OF THE MOST SUPERBLY TRAINED YOUNG ATHLETE OF OUR DAY GOES INTO ACTION.

SWAK

C'MON, ROBIN, SAVE SOME FOR ME... HEY, THEY'RE JUMPING OFF!

I NOTICED... AND THIS BUGGY'S SLOWING DOWN.

IT'S STOPPED!

LOOK! ON EITHER SIDE OF US, GIANT, CLEAR PANELS SLIDING DOWN... THIS IS THE *REAL* TRAP.

THEY GOTTA BE KIDDING...I CAN EASILY BLAST MY WAY OUT, WITH *CONCUSSION ARROWS!*

...AND I CAN *VIBRATE* THROUGH IT!

I COULD GET OUT, TOO... BUT THAT'S TOO SIMPLE... WE MUST'VE OVERLOOKED *SOMETHING!*

I...THINK... WE OVER-LOOKED IT BECAUSE... WE WERE USING IT AS... A PLATFORM TO PLAY HERO ON...

12

HOLY CRIPPLED COCKROACHES... DIG THAT CRAAAZY WHACKED-OUT SPIDER, MAN!

SO THAT'S IT! OUR TRANSPORTATION WAS REALLY MEANT TO BE THE MEANS OF OUR DESTRUCTION! BUT WHO WOULD...?

I-IT'S GIVING OFF SOME KIND OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY... THAT SEEMS TO BE CHARGING UP THIS WHOLE CAGE!

THIS IS YOUR BIT, SPEEDY! YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING IN THAT QUIVER TO TAKE CARE OF THAT THING!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TIN ARACHNID! DIGEST THIS BLAST-ARROW, FOR STARTERS!

SUDDENLY A CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY BUILDS UP ALONG THE PATH OF SPEEDY'S ARROW AND..

ZZZK

MAYBE I CAN VIBRATE OUT OF HERE...

DON'T, FLASHER, IT'S SPEED THAT DOES IT!

MOVING FAST BUILDS UP AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE AND THEN...

ZAK

DON'T WORRY... UHH...

13

THWIIIP

14

THAT'S IT! THE THREE OF THEM STUNNED AND HELPLESS!

NO LONGER WILL THEIR MEDDLESOME HABITS INTERFERE WITH OUR ORGANIZATION'S BUSINESS...

NG3, YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO ACCOMPANY ME AS I ADMINISTER DEATH'S FINAL STING TO THOSE THREE!

THANK YOU, SIR!...

:CLICK: ORDERS... :CLICK::CLICK:

SUDDENLY THE EYES OF NG3 AND HIS LEADER BECOME FIXED AND GLASSY. ALL MOVEMENT STOPS.

YOU WILL NOT... REPEAT... *NOT* END THE LIVES OF THE TITANS!

THE TWO DESIGNATED... ROBIN... KID FLASH ARE TO BE BROUGHT HERE...END ORDERS... ...FORGET CONTACT...

END TRANSMISSION :CLICK:

A *BENEVOLENT* REPRIEVE, READER?

15

Chapter 3 THE CITADEL OF FEAR!

IN SILENCE, THE LIMP FORMS OF ROBIN AND KID FLASH ARE BORNE AWAY...

...WHILE IN ISTANBUL THE TEAM OF WONDER GIRL AND HAWK HURL THEMSELVES AGAINST THE PRISON'S DOOR DESPITE THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED BONDS THAT KEPT THEIR HANDS USELESS.

UHHH!

UGNH!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME...

YOU'LL NEVER BUDGE THAT DOOR! AND EVEN IF YOU DO... WHAT ABOUT YOUR TIED HANDS?!

HAWK'S RIGHT, DOVE! PERHAPS IF YOU HELPED WE COULD...

YOU BLOW A LOTTA WIND FOR A GUY WHO'S DOIN' NOTHING BUT KEEPING THE FLOOR WARM!

OHO! THE BLUE-EYED PRINCESS SAYS HAWK'S RIGHT... SO IT MUST BE SO! PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THE FACT THAT OUR HANDCUFFS ARE MADE OF A FIBROUS PLASTIC...

...AND, IF WE SLOWLY APPLY ENOUGH PRESSURE, THEY STRETCH!

HEY! YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN FEEL 'EM GIVE!

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER ALL THREE HAVE SHED THEIR BONDS...

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR, DUMMY!

BUT...THERE IS A CRACK... LARGE ENOUGH FOR US TO STUFF IN OUR PLASTIC HANDCUFFS... OUR COMBUSTIBLE PLASTIC HANDCUFFS! C'MON, PACK YOURS IN AROUND THE TOP HINGE!

16

NOW, WONDER GIRL, IF YOU CAN MAKE A SPARK WITH YOUR BRACELETS TO LIGHT OUR JURY-RIGGED FUSE...

ZZZZZ

ZZZ

BINGO!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE SITE OF THE TELEPORTER...

THREE GUARDS... I'LL TAKE 'EM!

SWIFT, VICIOUS SECONDS LATER...

I SOMETIMES THINK I SHOULD RE-THINK MY THINKING ON THE VALUE OF VIOLENCE!

SOON, IN BERLIN...

THE TRIO RETRACES THE STEPS WHICH LED THEIR TEAMMATES TO DISASTER AND COME UPON A NOW CONSCIOUS SPEEDY.

IT'S NO GOOD.. EVERY TIME I MOVE, IT GIVES ME A **ZATZ!** AND IF YOU BREAK IN, YOU GET THE SAME TREATMENT.

LOOK! IT HAS SOME SORT OF CONTROL BOX ON TOP... I HAVE AN IDEA...

THERE! IT'S AN OPEN CONTROL AREA...

HAWK... YOU COMING?

UH... THERE'S NO ROOM FOR THREE UP THERE ...YOU... CAN HANDLE IT!

17

WONDER GIRL'S LASSO ZIPS THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE GLASS CAGE AND, GUIDED BY A SKILLED HAND, FINDS ITS TARGET.

THAT'S IT! YOU'VE SNARED *SOMETHING* IN THAT CONTROL BOX... PULL IT!

SFXX

WITH A SICKENING SERIES OF SPUTTERING SOUNDS, THE GIGANTIC MACHINE SHUDDERS... THEN BEGINS TO TOPPLE!!

SPEEDY, GET OUT FROM UNDER... *DIG! DIG!*

YIPES!

ARRRGH!...

DOVE, HURRY! BEFORE IT SETTLES... THERE'S JUST ENOUGH ROOM FOR *THE TWO* OF US!

THAT'S IT... NOW *HEAVE!!*

PLACING THEIR LIVES IN THE HANDS OF THE POWER ONCE GIVEN THEM BY A NEBULOUS VOICE...HAWK AND DOVE STRAIN UP-WARD... AT FIRST, FUTILELY...

BUT THEN, AS IF FEEDING UPON IT-SELF, THEIR *MIGHT* INCREASES, DOUBLING AND REDOUBLING ITSELF...

...MUSCLES SCREAM IN AGONY AND THE TITANIC BULK *MOVES UPWARDS!*

HE'S FREE!

SHEESH!

UH! FIRST TIME I WAS ALMOST BURIED BY A *SPIDER,* MAN!

OH, *SPEEDY,* YOU'RE *SAFE!* YOU HAD ME... *US* SO WORRIED! I THOUGHT...

I'M FINE. BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO CHAT.

ROBIN AND FLASHER MUST'VE BEEN TAKEN *SOMEWHERE!* WE GOTTA FIND THEM!

19

THE TUNNEL FORKS HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT UP AGAIN... THERE'S NO TIME FOR ALL OF US TO CHECK BOTH!

YOU AND I WILL GO THIS WAY!

SPEEDY, YOU AND DOVE TAKE THAT ONE!

:HUH:?

JUST ONE LOVIN' MINUTE, *BIRD BOY*...

WONDER CHICK GOES WITH ME! YOU AND YOUR FEATHERED CHUM, STICK TOGETHER THIS TIME!

THE *HAND*, ROBIN HOOD, REMOVE IT BEFORE IT ENDS UP IN YOUR LEFT EAR!

YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR THIS!

:UH:

WHY YOU...

HAWK, PLEASE!

SPEEDY, HOW COULD YOU... HAWK JUST *SAVED YOUR LIFE*. IS *THIS* HOW YOU *REPAY HIM*? IS THIS HOW YOU *RUSH TO THE AID OF ROBIN* AND *FLASHER*?

WE'D BETTER BUG OUT, CHAMP, SHE'S GOT ENOUGH AMMUNITION TO LAST AN HOUR!

I THINK THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE T.T. *NEEDS A LESSON IN TEAMWORK!!*

20

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP BEEP

THE ALARMS!... BOTH OF THEM! HUH? ...THE TITANS BUT THEY... WERE TRAPPED... FINISHED...

MOBILIZE EVERY MAN! DEFEND BOTH PASSAGE EXITS! HURRY!!

STOP THEM!...

STOP THEM, YOU FOOLS...

THEY SHOULD HAVE ALL BEEN DEAD BY NOW!

SCANT SECONDS LATER...

BLAM

TOO MANY OF 'EM ...WE NEED A SMOKE SCREEN!

SMOKE SCREEN COMIN' RIGHT UP.. ENJOY!

:CLICK: QUESTION: THERE IS CONFUSION! WHY HAVE THE REMAINING TITANS NOT BEEN DESTROYED?

POOF

TOO... POWERFUL... CANNOT... COPE...

IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, AN ALIEN BEING IS TICKED OFF!

WORTHLESS ERRAND BOY! SINCE YOU CANNOT DESTROY THEM, I ORDER YOU TO DESTROY YOUR ENTIRE INSTALLATION! YOUR LIVES ARE A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR FINISHING OFF THOSE MEDDLERS.

I REPEAT, DESTROY YOUR INSTALLATION, NOW.! :CLICK:

YES...I AM... ABOUT... TO...TO... PULL...SELF... DESTRUCT... SWITCH...

HOOOOLD IT, CHUBBINS... YOU SHOULDN'T PULL DOWN THE CEILING WHILE YOU STILL HAVE GUESTS.

HOLD HIM, DOVE... BE RIGHT THERE!

STOP, HAWK! WE HAVE TO QUESTION HIM!

OOMPH!

TALK, LUMPY, WHO GIVES YOU YOUR ORDERS?

C'MON, HOW BIG IS YOUR ORGANIZATION?

OKAY... JUST TELL ME WHERE KID FLASH AND ROBIN ARE!

AH, FIND OUT YOURSELF, WISE PUNK!

NO USE, SPEEDY... HE SEEMS TO BE UNDER SOME SORT OF SELECTIVE HYPNOSIS!

HAWK, WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOU AND YOUR PARTNER TO HELP US FIND OUR BUDDIES! CAN YOU...?

SORRY, CHAMP.. I'VE JUST FOUND EVIDENCE OF THE SMUGGLING OPERATION ... CASE CLOSED!

BESIDES I'M STARTING TO TRANS-FORM BACK INTO HANK HALL. GOTTA TAKE OFF!

HAWK AND DOVE RACE TO THE TELE-PORTER, THE SHADOWS HIDING THEIR STARTLING TRANSFORMATION BACK TO HANK AND DON HALL.

HEY, HAWK, LOOK ... I'M SORRY I BELTED YOU... WE REALLY NEED HELP.. I'M... SORRY...

23

WELL...I *REALLY* DID IT THIS TIME! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE GUYS, I'D'VE BEEN DEAD...

...AND WE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN *THIS* FAR!

...BUT *I* DROVE 'EM OFF, ME AND MY LOUSY *TEMPER!*

SPEEDY... DON'T...

AND *YOU,* YOU CRUMMY FINK! WHAT DID YOU *DO WITH THEM?*

SPEEDY, IT'S NO USE. HE EITHER DOESN'T KNOW OR HE *CAN'T TELL!* WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIND ROBIN AND FLASHER OURSELVES ...SOME-HOW...

BUT... HOW?

SHALL WE TELL THEM...? BETTER YET, SHALL WE INVITE THEM TO *JOIN US?* HMMMM?

24

R
NEXT ISSUE...
HALFWAY TO HOLOCAUST!
25

LAST ISSUE, WE LEARNED THAT THE CREATURES FROM *DIMENSION X* CONTROLLED AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATE IN ORDER TO GAIN ENTRY TO OUR DIMENSION BY UTILIZING THE SYNDICATE'S FACILITIES AND MANPOWER. THEIR PLANS FOILED BY THE INTERFERENCE OF THE *TEEN TITANS*, THEY CAPTURED *ROBIN* AND *KID FLASH* IN THE HOPES THAT THEY COULD PROVIDE THE MEANS OF ENTRY INTO EARTH'S DIMENSION !

COOPERATE... AND GO FREE! *CONTINUE TO RESIST*... AND SUFFER GREAT AGONY!

WE OFFER YOU *FREEDOM--POWER--RICHES--* IN YOUR OWN *DIMENSION*-- IN RETURN FOR A LITTLE *COOPERATION!* END THIS BARBARISM-- *ACCEPT* OUR *OFFER!*

HALFWAY TO HOLOCAUST!

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR OFFER AND SHOVE IT IN YOUR PERVERBERATED SCHIZO-DEVIATED, PARABOLIC, ADDLE-PATED DEGAUSSING ARRGH--!

DITTO, YOU... AGGG--!

YOU SIMPLE FOOLS! THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING--

CONTINUE TO REFUSE US, AND EVEN I CAN NOT SAVE YOU!

SAVING THEM IS NOT YOUR CONCERN, SCIENTIST!

RANGOR!-- WH-- WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?

BEWARE HOW YOU FORM YOUR QUESTIONS! I HOLD THE EGGSHELL OF YOUR LIFE WITHIN MY GRASP! I AM TAKING CHARGE OF THE INTERROGATION... STAND ASIDE!

MEANWHILE, IN EARTH'S DIMENSION, UNDER THE CITY OF BERLIN...

IN APPRECIATION FOR YOUR CAPTURE OF THESE INTERNATIONAL THIEVES...

...YOU HAVE TWELVE HOURS TO INVESTIGATE THIS RATS' NEST WITHOUT OUR INTERFERENCE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN.

HOLD IT, WITH THE FAT ONE... I'VE GOT TO TRY JUST ONCE MORE!

2

ALL RIGHT, LUMPY-- HOW DID YOU CONTACT YOUR BOSSES? *HOW?*

YOU DUMB, LITTLE *CREEP!* *I'M* THE BOSS-- I DON'T HAVE TO CONTACT *ANYBODY!*

TAKE HIM AWAY!

HE BLANKED OUT AGAIN... *BLAST!*

THE INSTRUMENTATION UNDER THE CHESS BOARD-- *WHAT'S IT FOR?...*

THEY'VE ALL GONE, SPEEDY. HAVE YOU MADE SENSE OUT OF ANY OF THIS--?

I... THINK SO! I'M CONVINCED THAT THOSE BADDIES WERE CONTROLLED BY CREATURES FROM DIMENSION X, WHOM THE TITANS BATTLED BEFORE I JOINED UP. THAT MONSTER THAT *JOSHUA* DEFEATED MUST HAVE BEEN FROM THERE, TOO--

--AND NOW THEY'VE GOT ROBIN AND FLASHER! *WHY?* AND *HOW* DO WE GET TO THEM?

THIS CHESS BOARD MUST BE THE KEY! SOME-HOW CONTROL WAS MAINTAINED OVER CHUBBINS THROUGH IT! I'M GOING TO RUN EACH CHESS PIECE OVER ALL THE SQUARES UNTIL--

EEYOW CONTACT!!

WELL--? WELL ?? I'VE BEEN RATTLED DOWN TO MY SPINE, YOU COCKEYED CHESS BOARD ...NOW, *GIVE!*... MAKE *SOMETHIN'* HAPPEN!

MAYBE UNDER THE CHESS... *YIIKE!*

KRASH

CHOMP

MOOOOVE IT!!

LOOK AT THAT THING! IT SEEMS TO BE...

4

IT *IS!* IT'S *DRAINING ENERGY* FROM THE CONSOLE!

KKKKKKK

GLEP

--IT SEES US!!

MAYBE AN AMAZON *SMASH'LL* PUT SOME STARCH INTO THAT BEAUTY.

OKAY, BLUE EYES-- I'LL TRY TO DRAW IT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM!

ON TARG... *OUCH...!* IT'S LIKE *TANK ARMOR!*

MY HAND IS NUMB-- THE BEAST WASN'T HURT-- BUT HE LOOKS CONFUSED...

YOU DID YOUR PART, W.G.! THIS EXPLOSI-ARROW SHOULD ROCK HIM A BIT!

BLAM

WHOOSH

HUH..?

HE'S SUCKING IT IN!!

HEY-- IT TURNED AT THE SOUND OF MY VOICE... OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! IT CAN'T ***SEE!*** THOSE EYE SLITS ARE REALLY SOUND DETECTORS.

THAT THING-- IT--IT ***ACTUALLY ATE THE EXPLOSION... ABSORBED ITS ENERGY!***

IF I'M RIGHT, THEN IT SHOULD FOLLOW THIS SONIC SIGNAL ARROW...

WAREEEEEEEE

6

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

--RIGHT BACK TO WHERE HE CAME FROM!

FSKK

HE'S... GONE--? JUST LIKE THAT?

WHEE-OOO CLOSE, REAL CLOSE!-- BUT WHERE THE DEVIL DID HE GO?

I... MUST AGREE! THE WORTHLESS HUMANS MUST BE SACRIFICED! "YOUR WISDOM IS THE COLOR OF THE GREAT EGG."

YOU SEE? THEY REMAIN UN-HARMED! THE FINAL TEST MUST BE MADE ON THE TWO TITANS WE HOLD!

WILL THEY COOPERATE?

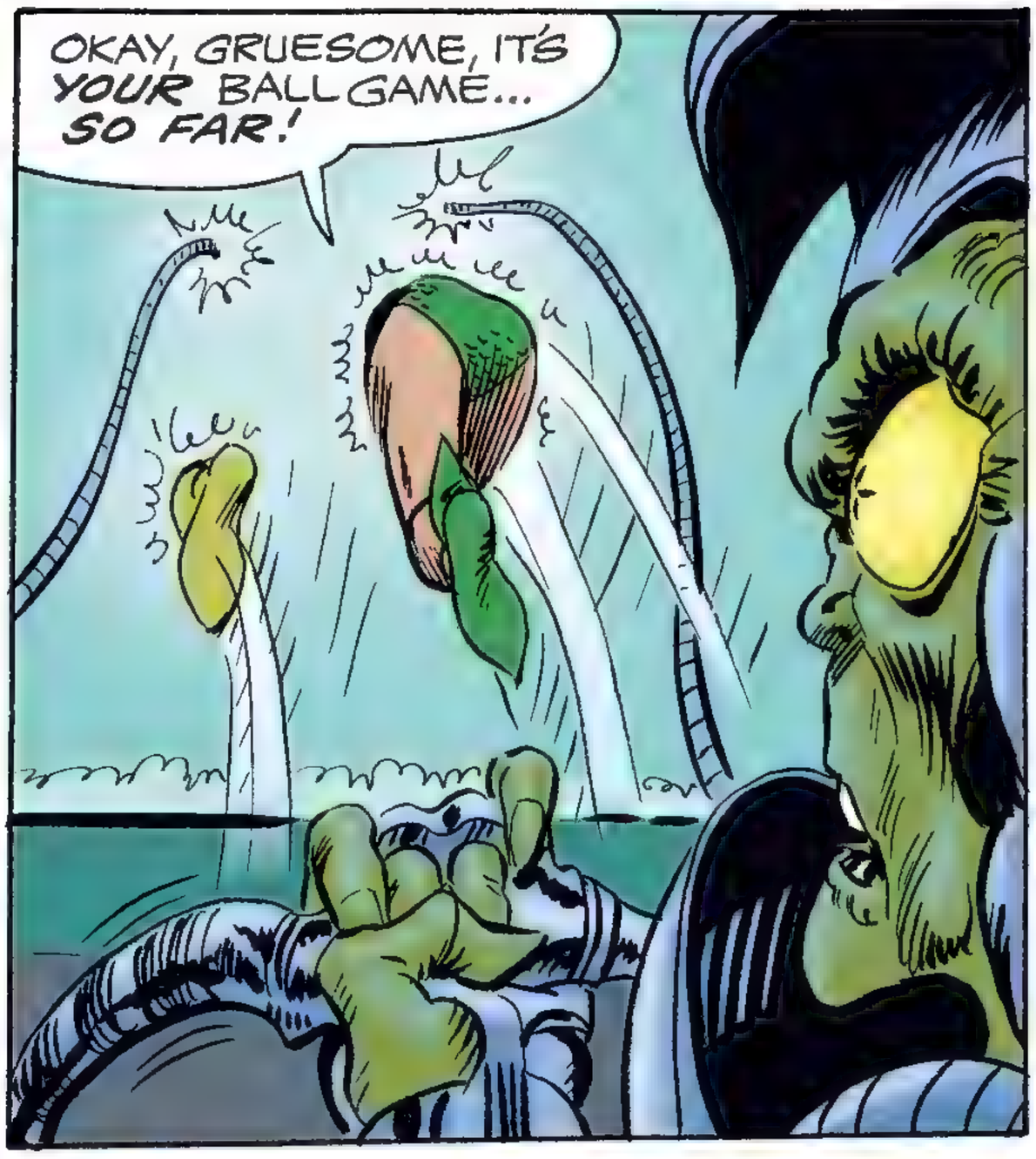
THEY HAVE *NO CHOICE! I* CONTROL THEM! THEY ARE NOW READY TO RE-ENTER THEIR DIMENSION...*AND BRING BACK THEIR TEAMMATES.*

I'M READY TO VIBRATE OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION-

WITLESS EARTHLING!

UHH!

A MILD SHOCK TO REWARD YOUR DEFIANCE... NOW, BACK TO YOUR DIMENSION!


OKAY, GRUESOME, IT'S YOUR BALL GAME... SO FAR!

SHEESH--! THIS SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HOME...!

CAN'T... GET... BALANCE...

THIS WAY, ROBIN--GRAVITY SEEMS STABLE ON THIS SHIFTING PATHWAY.

IT'S NO USE... CABLE *KEEPS* ME OFF MY PINS! GRAVITY KEEPS CHANGING OUT HERE!

WHAT IS THE *DELAY,* TITANS? HAVE YOU REACHED YOUR DIMENSION?

MY SUPER-SPEED DOESN'T WORK WELL HERE, BUT IT'LL GET US TO THE PATH!

REPORT, TITANS!! WHAT IS YOUR PROGRESS?

:CLICK:

HOLD YOUR HORSES, BUG-EYES! WE'RE... HUH...?

HUH--WHAT'S HE UP TO...? FISHING AROUND IN HIS UTILITY BELT...

WE SHOULD TRY TO GET BACK TO EARTH...WE'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE THERE.

OH, WELL...

POOMPH

THIS TINY ACETYLENE TORCH SHOULD CUT THROUGH THIS CABLE.

I WARN YOU, TITANS... *REPORT...* OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

9

WHA...

HOLY...

LAST WARNING, TITANS!

R

SNAP

THAT... THAT *THING* SNAPPED UP YOUR TORCH!

WHAT WAS :EEYUCCH: THAT?

UNHHH... WHATEVER IT WAS BLASTED OUR CHANCES OF GETTING AWAY! WE'RE BEING DRAGGED *BACK!*

OOOOFF... WRONG WAY, DRIVER...

WE KNOW YOU MADE IT TO EARTH, FOOLS! WERE YOUR FELLOW TITANS AFRAID TO COME BACK WITH YOU?

WAY OFF BASE, LIZARD SKIN! WE COOLED OUR HEELS IN THAT OTHER DIMENSION AND...

:MMMFP:

FLASHER, NO! YOU *DON'T* KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

HE'S *LYING!* WE WENT TO OUR DIMENSION...

NO! HE TELLS THE TRUTH. THE REAL PURPOSE OF YOUR JOURNEY HAS BORNE FRUIT!

10

JUST AS WE SUSPECTED... ANOTHER DIMENSION DOES EXIST, BETWEEN OUR TWO! YOU CAN SEE IT... WE CAN'T!!

OUR ELECTRONIC BRAIN HAS RECORDED THEIR EYE PATTERNS, MASTER. IT WILL BE NO PROBLEM TO ADAPT A DEVICE FOR OUR EYES...

FOR THE EYES OF MY ARMY!

THAT IS WHY OUR DIMENSIONAL EXPEDITIONS WERE ALWAYS LOST! THE UNSEEN DIMENSION SWALLOWED THEM UP!

OF COURSE, MASTER RANGOR!

THEN SPEED YOUR YOLKLESS BRAIN! MY ARMY WAITS... POISED TO CRUSH THE EARTH'S DIMENSION, AS YOUR FINGERS DAWDLE OVER THOSE BUTTONS!

HEY.. ACID FROM ROBIN'S BELT!

WHEN I FINISH... VIBRATE US OUT OF THESE THINGS.

PEACE, BABY...

SSSK

CLANK

THEY'VE ESCAPED! NO MATTER...THEY TOO WILL BE CAUGHT UP IN THE SWEEP OF DESTRUCTION WE WILL BRING TO THEIR PLANET!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO W.G. AND SPEEDY AND...

LIKE...YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND! CAST YOUR ORBS YONDER...

NOT LITERALLY, OF COURSE!

HEY-HEY, WE'RE A GROUP AGAIN. WELCOME TO NOWHERE!

WE'RE A BIGGER GROUP THAN YOU THINK, LEADERMAN. YOU HAVE A *FOLLOWING!*

ENERGY CANNONS...DESTROY THE ONLY REMAINING BARRIER ON OUR PATH TO VICTORY...

...*THE TEEN TITANS!* OBLITERATE THEM!

SHOOSH

THE WEIRD GRAVITY IS THROWING THEIR MISSILES OFF COURSE!

THAT'S *ONE* FOR OUR SIDE!

BOOMP

OOOP! THOSE CREATURES... EATING THE MISSILES LIKE *CANDY!*

BOOMP

BLASTED HORRORS ARE FORCING THEIR BODIES INTO OUR GUN MUZZLES SEARCHING FOR MORE MISSILES!

IF MY MEN FIRE...

BLAM

BAROOM

12

ZZZZZZ

LASER GUNS-- *OPEN FIRE!* THOSE ENERGY-DEVOURING BEASTS WON'T SAVE THE TITANS!

DIFFERENT CREATURES... *THESE* ABSORB LIGHT! WHAT INSANE PLACE IS THIS?

ZZZZZZBLP

I'M BEGINNING TO RESENT MY ROLE AS *WALKING TARGET,* BUT HOW DO YOU COUNTERATTACK A WHOLE ARMY OF WEIRD CATS?

IF THIS GRAVITY DIDN'T AFFECT MY SUPER-SPEED, I'D HAVE 'EM *ALL* SPINNING!

THIS CRAZY DIMENSION IS DOING ALL OUR WORK *FOR* US!

BESIDES, I DOUBT HOW HELPFUL I'D BE WITH THIS STRANGE WEAKNESS THAT'S COME OVER ME!

HUNNGAAAA

SUPERSONICS! I'M AFRAID THEY'RE GOING TO GET TO US WITH THIS ONE, TROUPERS.

BIIIG MISTAKE! REALLY BIG MISTAKE!

HUH... DO *YOU* KNOW SOMETHING *WE* DON'T?

AASGRUK

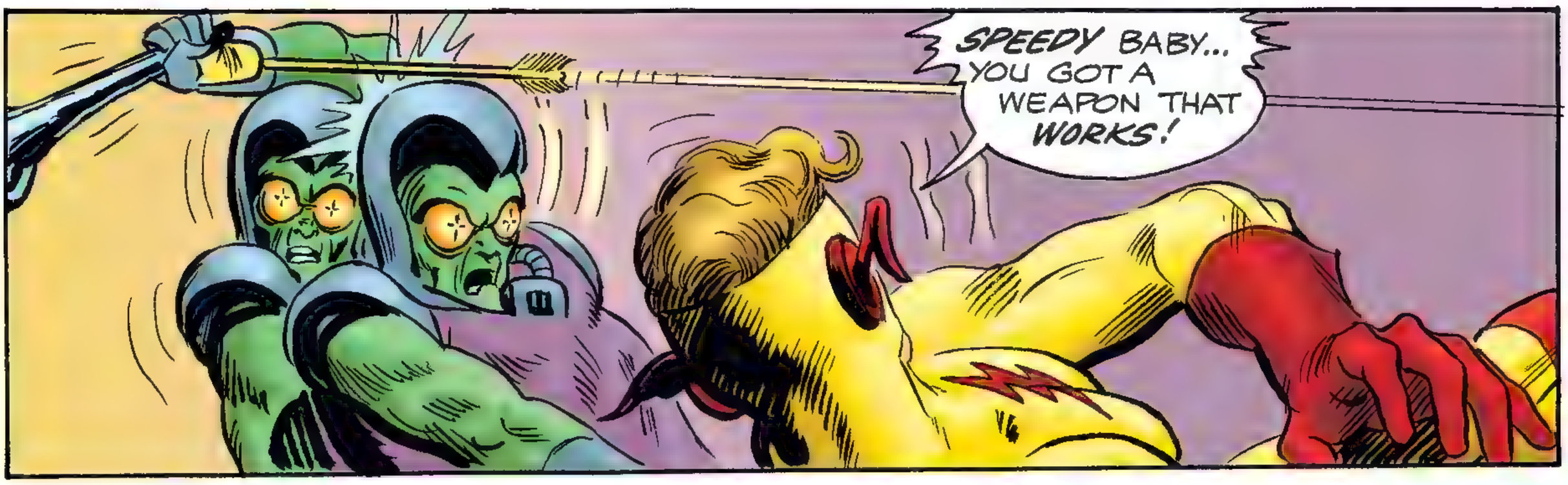
HEADS UP! W.G. AND I RAN INTO THOSE BABIES BEFORE! SOUND ATTRACTS 'EM!

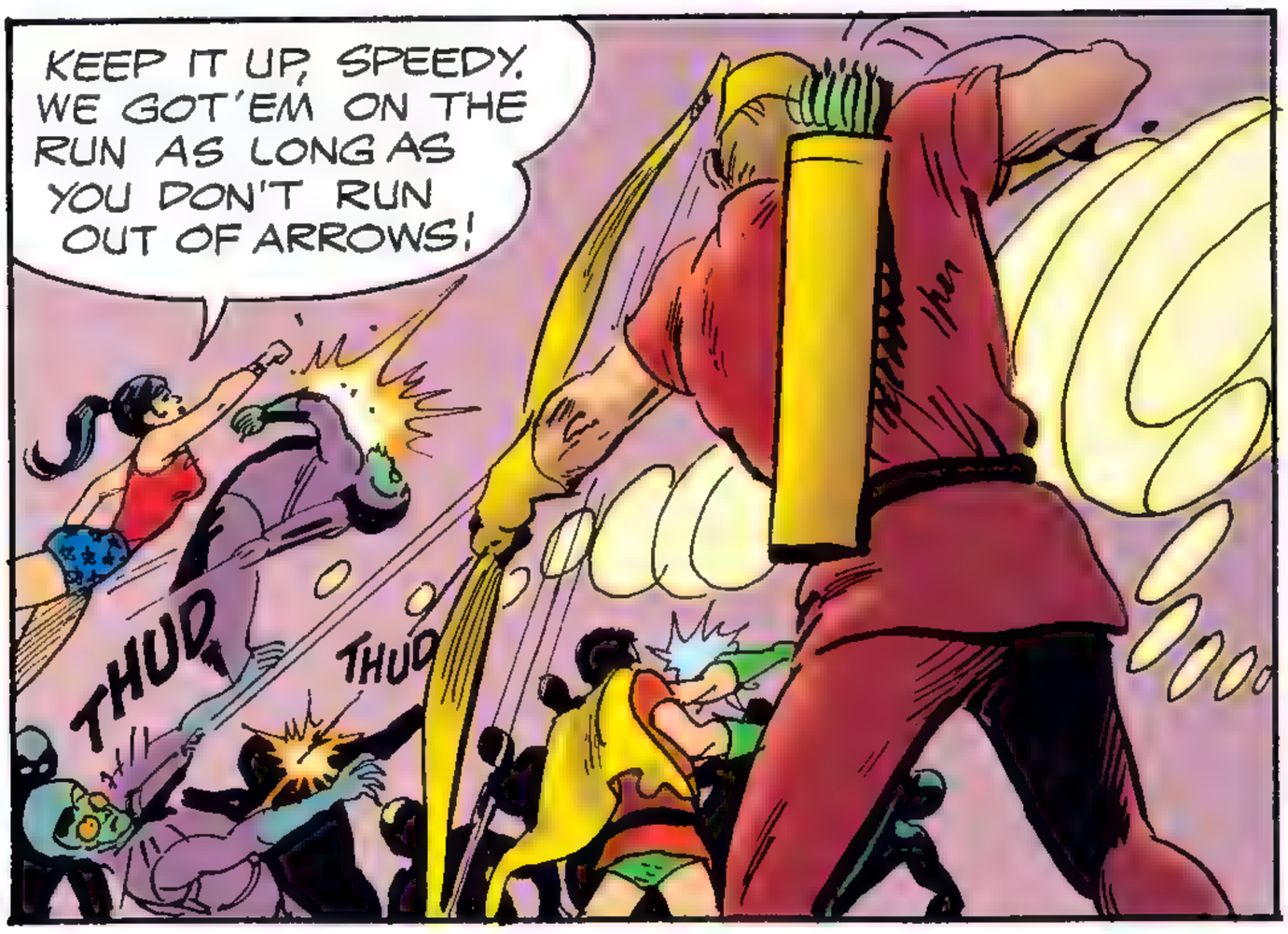
MAN, THIS IS A REALLY *SICK* DIMENSION!

NOW-- DESTROY THEM!

THEY SNUCK UP ON US... THEY'RE DOING IT THE *RIGHT* WAY.

13


SPEEDY BABY... YOU GOT A WEAPON THAT WORKS!


KEEP IT UP, SPEEDY. WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN AS LONG AS YOU DON'T RUN OUT OF ARROWS!
THUD
THUD

YEAH EXCEPT, THIS IS THE LAST ARROW I CAN USE WITHOUT SOMETHING COMING ALONG TO EAT ME!
14

I'M OUT OF NON-ENERGY ARROWS BUT I'M *NOT* OUT OF ENERGY!

BEHIND THE BOY BOWMAN BITS OF SHIMMERING LIGHT BEGIN TO COALESCE... MANY BECOME ONE... AND ONE **GROWS** AND **GROWS!!**

SEIZE THE FEMALE, FOOLS! THE OTHER TITANS WILL STAY AWAY, ONCE WE HAVE MADE *HER* HELPLESS.

IT'S THE "HELPLESS" PART YOUR BOYS ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH, BIG MAN!

POW

TOO MANY OF THEM... SOONER OR LATER...

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU HAVE TRANSGRESSED! YOU ARE FOREIGN ENTITIES IN THIS DIMENSION. YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR HOME!

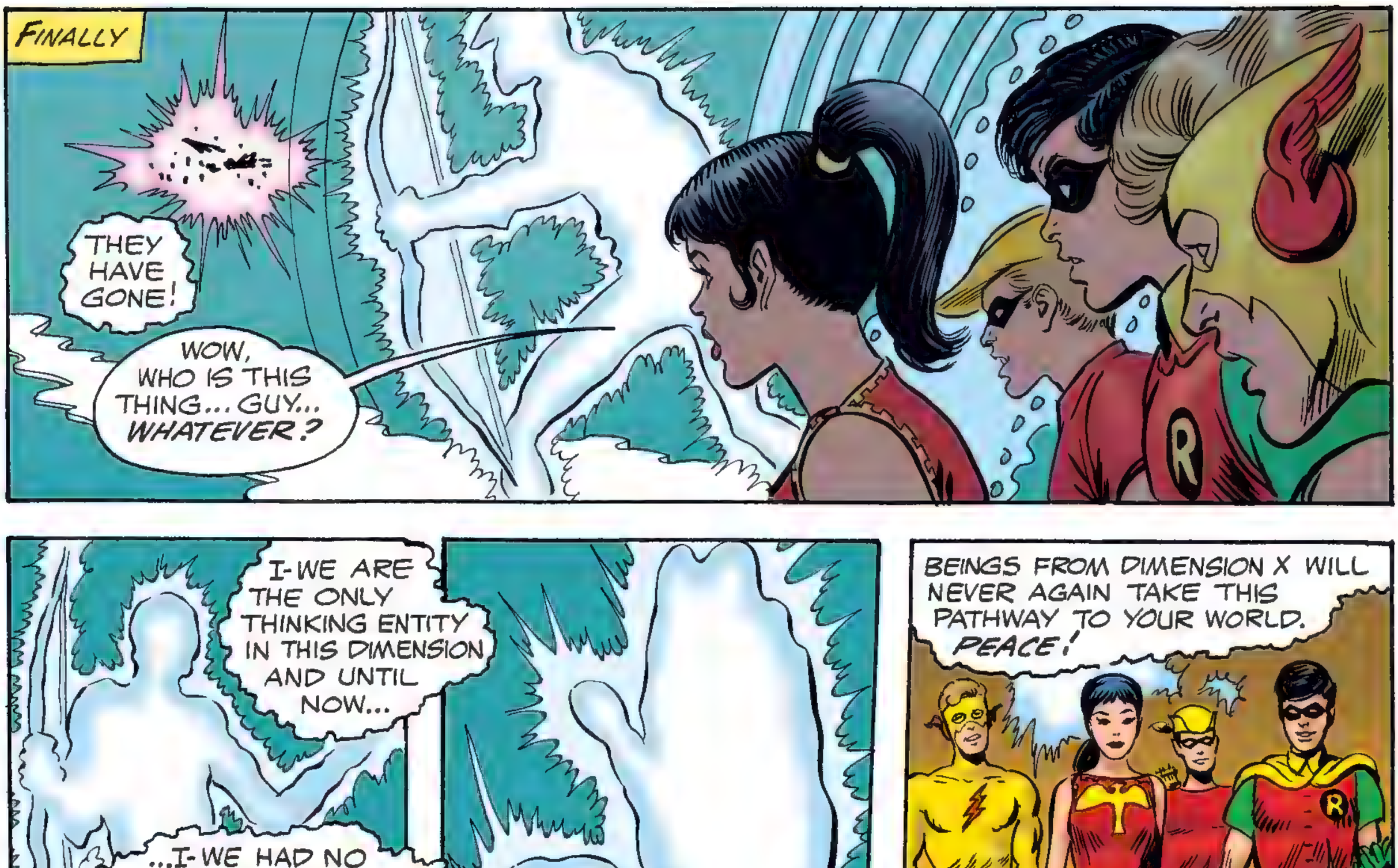
WHAMP

THE GLOWING MISSILE RETURNS TO ITS OWNER AND IS FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE ONCOMING HORDES FROM DIMENSION X...

YOUR INVASION WILL NOT BE TOLERATED! RETURN HOME, CHILD OF THE EGG, OR FACE COMPLETE AND

TOTAL DESTRUCTION!

15


FINALLY
THEY HAVE GONE!
WOW, WHO IS THIS THING... GUY... WHATEVER?
I-WE ARE THE ONLY THINKING ENTITY IN THIS DIMENSION AND UNTIL NOW...
...I-WE HAD NO REASON FOR JOINING TOGETHER AS ONE! YOUR INSTINCT TO PRE-SERVE AND PROTECT YOUR DIMENSION...
...HAS INSPIRED ME-US TO DO NO LESS FOR MY DIMEN-SION. SPEEDY HAS PROVIDED ME-US WITH A WEAPON OF PROTECTION!
BEINGS FROM DIMENSION X WILL NEVER AGAIN TAKE THIS PATHWAY TO YOUR WORLD. PEACE!
PEACE, BABY!
The End

A SIMPLE MAN... A SIMPLE FACE, HARDENED WITH EXPERIENCE, DRAINED OF FEELING. BUT LOOK CLOSELY *INTO* THIS MAN'S EYES-- THERE YOU'LL SEE A *MENACE* THREATENING THE VERY LIVES OF THE...

JUSTICE LEAGUE of AMERICA

LOOK EVER DEEPER--YOU WILL FIND A HINT OF *HATRED*, BURIED DEEP BENEATH YEARS OF TRAINED EMOTION-CONTROL.

IN THIS MAN'S PROFESSION, EVEN *HATRED* IS AN ILL-AFFORDED LUXURY--BUT A DANGEROUS ONE! FOR THIS MAN IS THE *SENSEI*... THE *TEACHER*... AND THE ART HE INSTRUCTS IS *ASSASSINATION!*

SPECIAL GUEST ARTIST
NEAL ADAMS
PAGES, 1, 5, 20, 22.

IN A BAND OF CUTTHROATS, *INFORMATION* IS THE FIRST ORDER OF *SURVIVAL!* WHEN YOU'RE AT THE ***TOP*** YOU LEARN IT *FIRST!*

M'NAKU FAILED ME--THE THIRD ONE NOT TO EXACT MY *REVENGE!* THIS IS WHY I HAVE CALLED UPON *YOU, MERLYN!*

MIGHT NOT THIS ASSASSINATION GO ILL WITH THE ***DEMON'S HEAD?*** HE HOLDS THE WOULD-BE VICTIM IN HIS FAVOR!

HE IS ALREADY QUITE *SUSPICIOUS* OF OUR *LEAGUE* SINCE *DR. DARRK* TRIED TO KIDNAP HIS DAUGHTER!*

DARRK'S DISPUTE WITH *THE HEAD* WAS HIS *OWN* MISTAKE! THE DOCTOR *PAID*--WITH HIS *LIFE!*

I DO NOT FEAR *THE LEADER*--IT IS ***HE*** WHO SHOULD FEAR *ME*--FOR AM I NOT THE POWERFUL *FANG* WHICH PROTECTS HIS *HEAD?*

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS. DO YOU *HESITATE?*

YOU, THE WORLD'S BEST ARCHER--DO YOU NOT ***WISH*** TO CROSS BOWS WITH THIS *GREEN ARROW?*

AH MASTER, YOU MIS-UNDERSTAND--I *RELISH* THE HONOR OF TRACKING THIS VICTIM! SOME SAY IT WILL TAKE *MAGIC*, BUT IS IT FOR NOTHING THAT I AM CALLED *"THE MAGICIAN"?*

THE OTHER ***JUSTICE LEAGUERS*** WILL NOT INTERFERE--THEY ARE EACH INVOLVED IN PERSONAL CASES--SAVE *SUPERMAN* AND *THE ATOM!* OUR ***WEAPONS*** EXPERTS HAVE DEVELOPED EXCELLENT HARDWARE TO USE SHOULD THEY CROSS YOUR PATH!

NOW GO--MAY YOUR BLOOD BE THE LAST DRAWN!

MOST GRACIOUS THANKS, SENSEI!

*AS THE TWO SEPARATE, THE WALLS STILL FAINTLY ECHO THE NAME *"GREEN ARROW"!* IS IT ***HE*** WHO IS THE TARGET OF THE *LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS?*

*EDITORS NOTE! SEE ***DETECTIVE COMICS*** #411.

5

EPILOGUE

YOUR MIND RACES AS FAST AS YOUR FRIEND'S *BATMOBILE*, STREAKING TOWARD THE SEA...

WHY *AQUAMAN'S* BODY?

HE WAS THE FIRST *JUSTICE LEAGUER* I COULD FIND!

WHY CALL ON *US?*

CAUSE YOU'RE THE *WORLDS GREATEST DETECTIVE!*

AND?

AND...*I* COULDN'T DEDUCE WHO THE *SENSEI'S* TARGET WAS!

WHY NOT JUST *TELL* US WHO YOU ARE?

'CAUSE I LIKE DOIN' THINGS *MYSELF!*

RAMA KUSHNA TOLD ME A *JLA* ASSASSINATION WAS BEING PLANNED THAT WOULD UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF THE WORLD!

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE *SUPERMAN* OR *GREEN LANTERN*--BUT IT WAS *YOU!* THAT LEAVES *ME* UP THE CREEK--SO I THINK I'LL JUST *SPLIT* AND *START OVER!*

YES, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO RETURN TO *NORMAL*--IF BEING A *GHOST* CAN BE CALLED *NORMAL...DEADMAN!*

BEFORE I GO... TRY *THIS* NAME ON FOR SIZE... *RA'S AL GHUL!* HOW IS HE *CONNECTED* WITH THE *SENSEI?*

HE'S THE *HEAD* OF THE WORLD'S *CRIME* STRUCTURE--AND IF HE GETS CROSSED, THE WHOLE *PLANET* MIGHT BLOW UP--

CRAZY! SO WHAT ELSE IS *NEW?*

HUH?--WHATS GOING ON?

AS WE NOW SHIFT OUR SIGHTS SEAWARD, WHERE--

WHAT HAPPENED, *BATMAN?* I FEEL LIKE A BIG BLANK HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT OF MY LIFE!

IT'S A LONG STORY, *AQUAMAN*...

...THAT STARTED WHEN A GUY GOT GUNNED DOWN PERFORMING AT A CIRCUS-- ONLY HIS *GHOST* CAME BACK TO UNCOVER THE BIGGEST DEN OF ASSASSINS THIS WORLD'S EVER KNOWN! REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT SOMEDAY!

SURE, *BATMAN*-- BE COOL-- BUT DON'T KID YOURSELF! YOU KNOW DARN WELL THAT IF *RĀ'S AL GHŪL* AND THE *SENSEI* MIX IT, THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY...

...AND IT JUST MIGHT EASILY BE OVER *YOUR* DEAD BODY!

LOOK ONCE MORE INTO THE EYES OF THIS MAN! THE FLAME OF HATRED BURNS BRIGHTER THIS DAY...

THE *BATMAN* HAS ESCAPED MY REVENGE-- BUT ONLY WITH THE AID OF HIS COMRADES!

NEXT TIME I SHALL *ISOLATE* HIM-- AND *STRIKE!*

IF THE *DEMON'S HEAD*--*RĀ'S AL GHŪL*--OBJECTS, LET *HIM* FACE MY POWER-- FOR IN THE END, *DEMONFANG NEVER* FAILS!

THE END

THE SHAPE OF COSMIC-SIZE CLASHES IS FORMING! FOLLOW THE EXCITING DEVELOPMENTS IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF *BATMAN* AND *DETECTIVE COMICS*, AS WE FEARFULLY WONDER --WHERE *NEXT* STRIKES DEMONFANG?

22

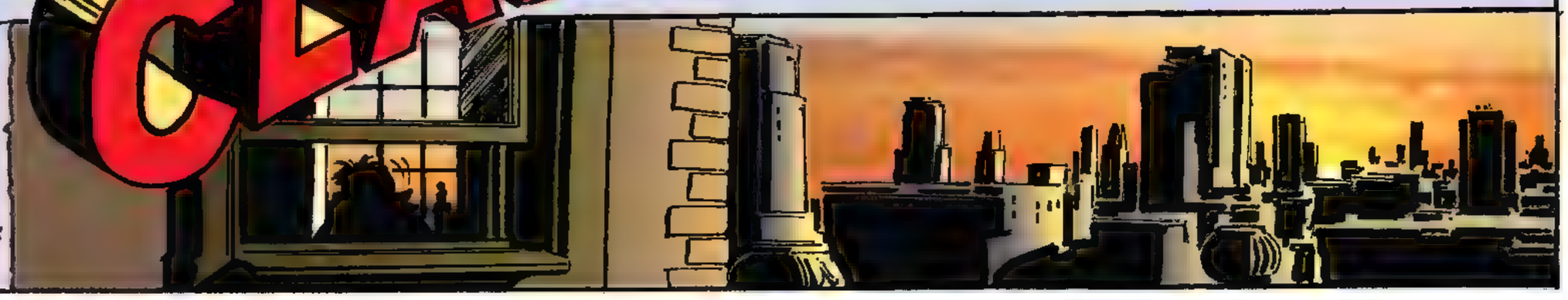
Color guide for Ra's al Ghul.

PRESENTING ANOTHER EXCITING ESCAPADE OF THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND-- ANOTHER CHAPTER IN...

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF CLARK KENT

MORNING SCAMPERS ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF *METROPOLIS*, PEEPING INTO WINDOWS AT *344 CLINTON STREET* JUST LONG ENOUGH TO FILL *CLARK KENT'S* DAY WITH SUNSHINE...

LEN WEIN: WRITER.
NEAL ADAMS: PENCILER *and* INKER.
JULIUS SCHWARTZ: EDITOR.



"THE BABY WHO WALKED THROUGH WALLS!"

S-1201

1

REALLY, *PETRA*-- I DON'T HAVE TIME TO...

PLEASE, *CLARK*...IT'S AN ABSOLUTE *EMERGENCY!* I HAVE TO GO AROUND THE CORNER FOR A FEW MINUTES--AND I CAN'T LEAVE *MICHELE ALONE!*

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP AN EYE ON HER TILL I GET BACK!

BUT I HAVE AN *INTERVIEW* THIS...

SHE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! **MICHELE** IS SO QUIET, YOU HARDLY KNOW SHE'S THERE! JUST TELL HER A *STORY* OR SOMETHING!

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? I...

BOLT THE DOOR BEHIND ME, *CLARK!* I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

KLIK

I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST BEEN *DRAFTED*--

--AND I'M NOT EVEN CERTAIN *HOW!*

GRBXFLM FRBRNKLE SHMF!

THE SAME TO YOU, SWEET-HEART!

WELL, MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO PATCH UP WHAT I CAN! I'LL CALL *DENNISON*-- TELL HIM I'LL BE *LATE!*

THANKS, *CLARK!* YOU'RE REALLY A *DOLL* TO HELP OUT LIKE THIS!

AND WHEN THE *TOP TELECASTER* HAS COMPLETED HIS CALL...

DENNISON'S REALLY A *CHANGED* MAN! IN THE OLD DAYS, HE'D HAVE CHEWED MY HEAD OFF!

NOW, LITTLE LADY, LET'S SEE ABOUT *YOU!*

HUH? I TURN MY BACK FOR A *MOMENT* AND *MICHELE* IS *GONE!*

BETTER FIND HER BEFORE SHE WREAKS HAVOC WITH THE APARTMENT!

BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE FOUR-ROOM APARTMENT REVEALS...

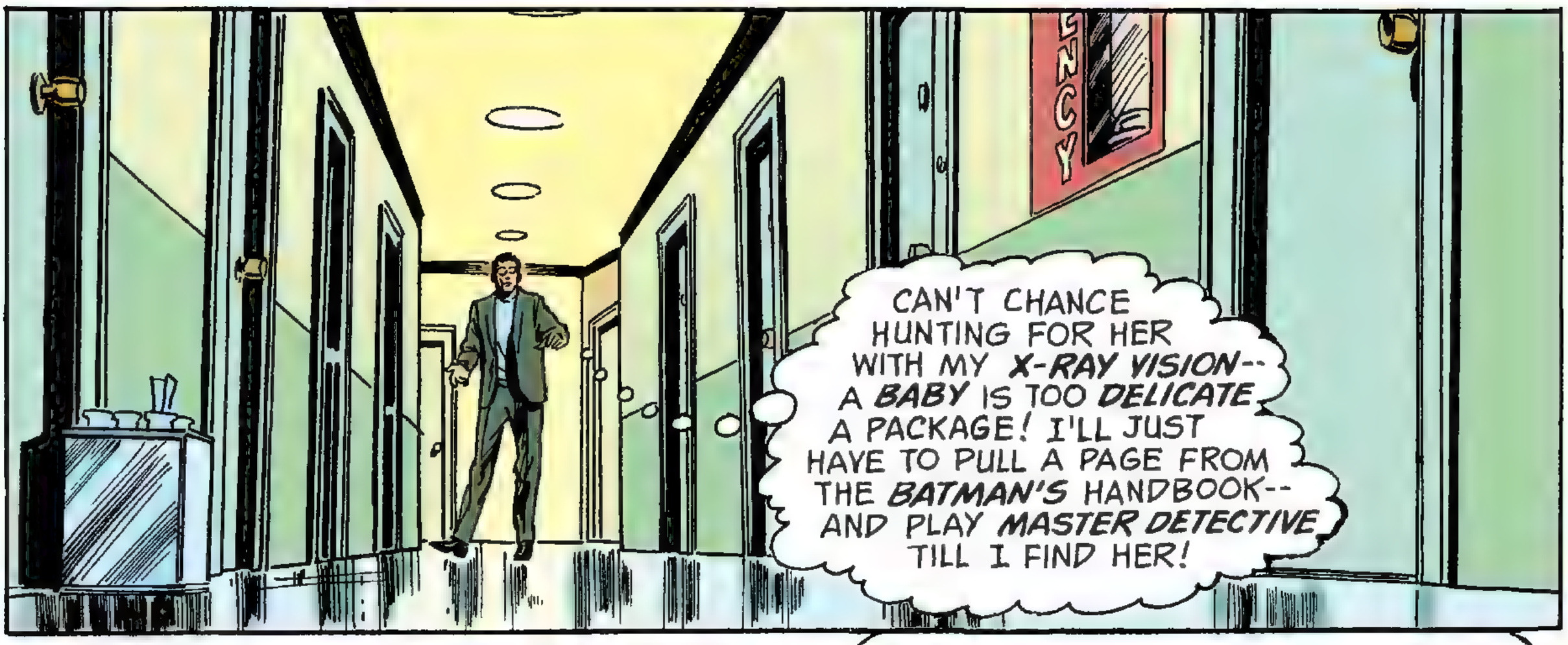
...NOTHING! CAN'T FIND HER *ANYWHERE!* BUT SHE *COULDN'T* HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THE APARTMENT... ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE *LOCKED!*

HOWEVER, AS *SHERLOCK HOLMES* USED TO SAY... "WHEN YOU HAVE ELIMINATED THE *IMPOSSIBLE,* WHATEVER REMAINS, HOWEVER IMPROBABLE, MUST BE *TRUE*"!

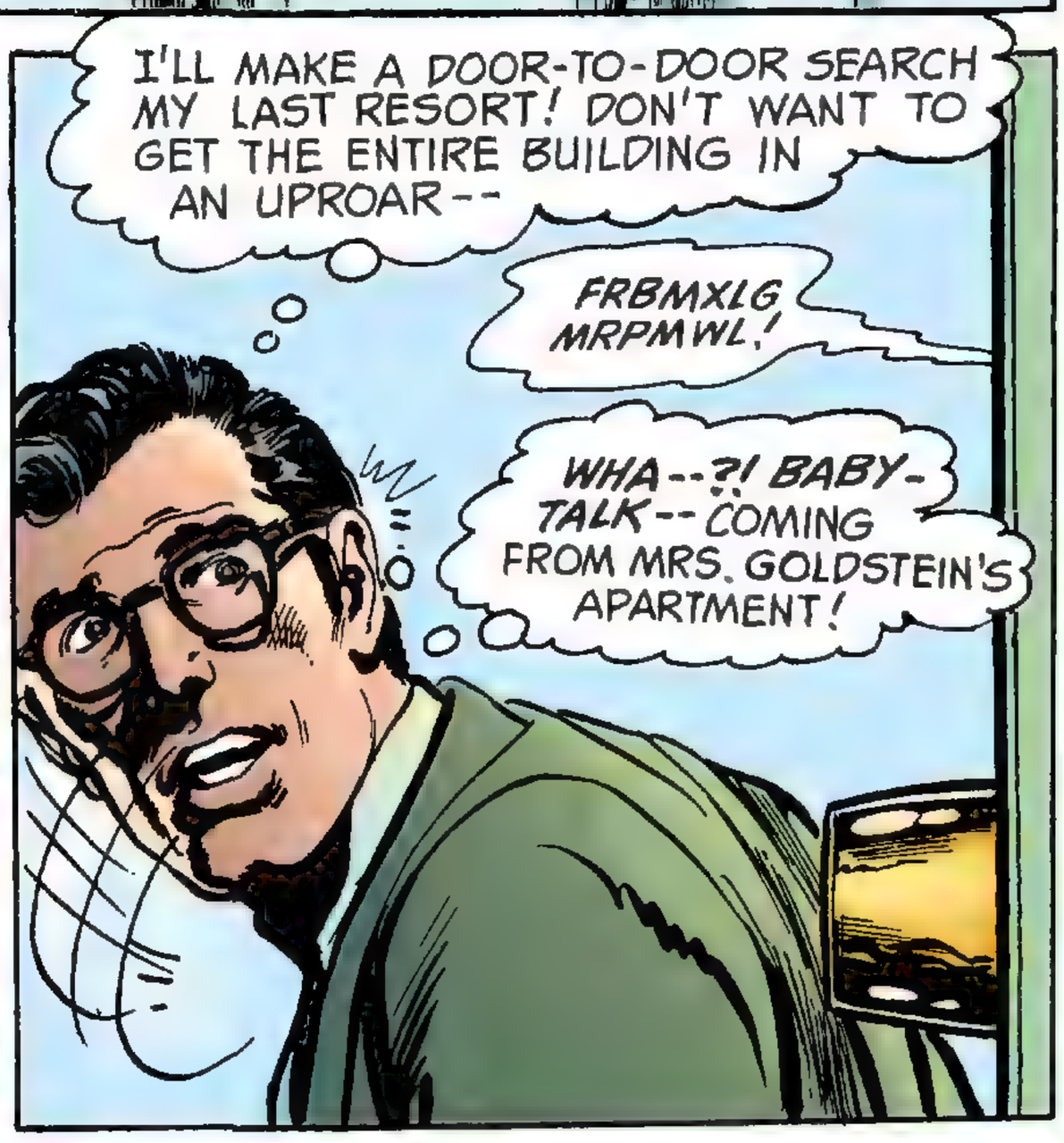
SINCE *MICHELE ISN'T* IN THE APARTMENT--AND SHE *COULDN'T* HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE WINDOWS OR DOORS, I'LL *ASSUME* SHE *WALKED THROUGH THE WALL!*

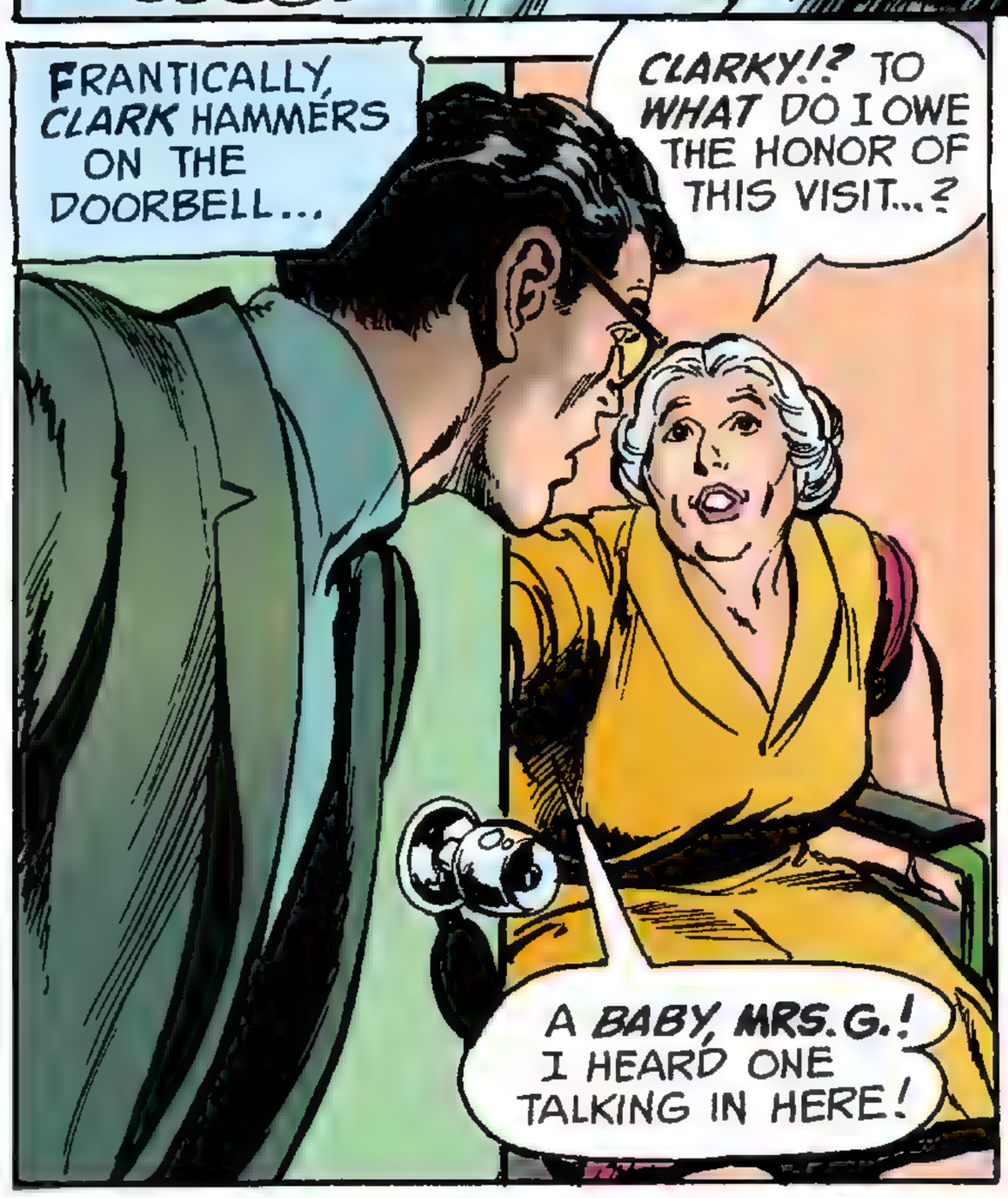
IN WHICH CASE, I'D BETTER TRACK HER DOWN-- BEFORE SHE GETS *HURT!*

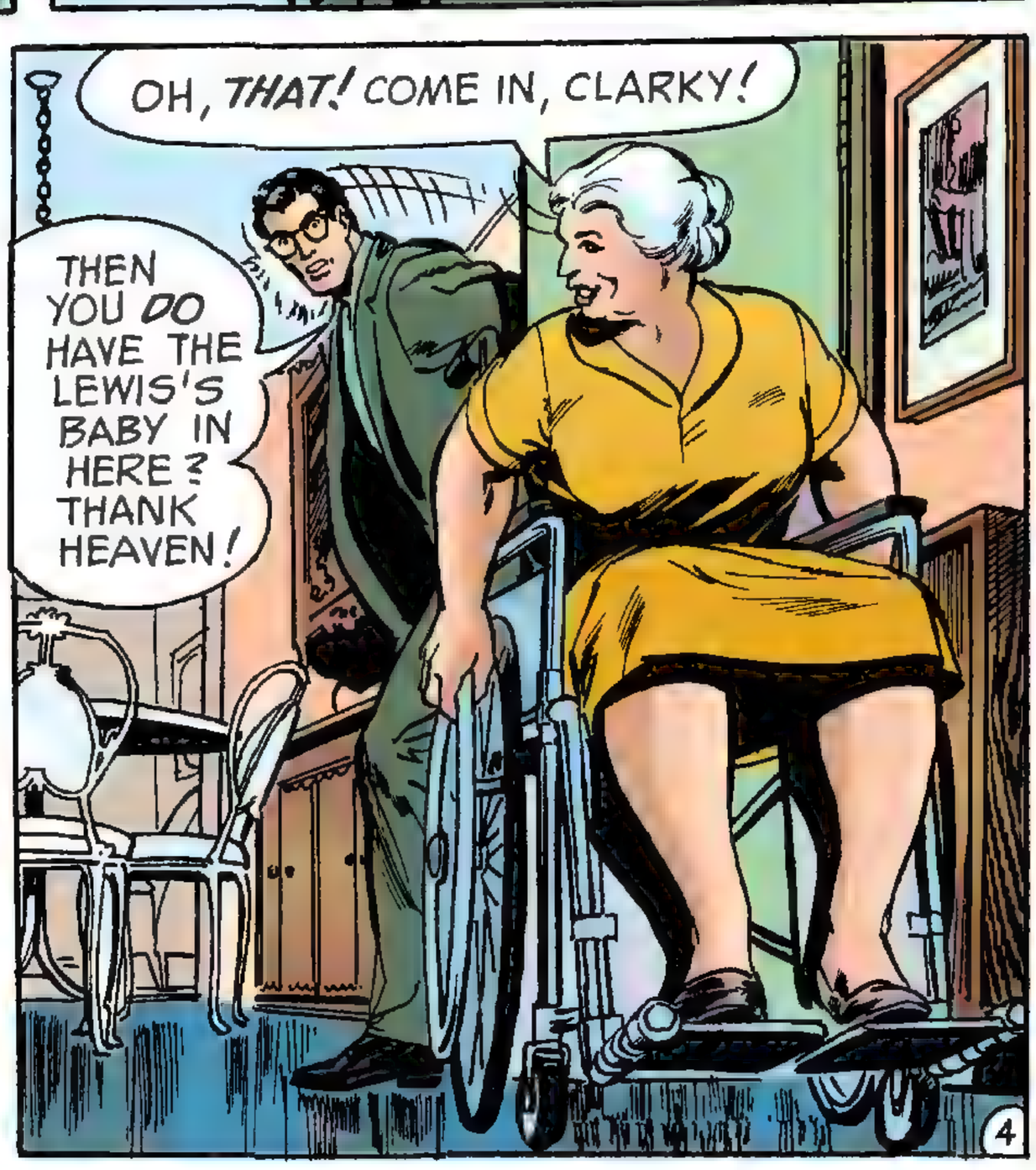
3


LNCY
CAN'T CHANCE HUNTING FOR HER WITH MY X-RAY VISION-- A BABY IS TOO DELICATE A PACKAGE! I'LL JUST HAVE TO PULL A PAGE FROM THE BATMAN'S HANDBOOK-- AND PLAY MASTER DETECTIVE TILL I FIND HER!

NOM
AHHH-- MR. XAVIER'S PAPER IS ALWAYS RESTING AGAINST HIS DOOR! EVIDENTLY OUR DIAPERED FUGITIVE PASSED THIS WAY!


I'LL MAKE A DOOR-TO-DOOR SEARCH MY LAST RESORT! DON'T WANT TO GET THE ENTIRE BUILDING IN AN UPROAR--
FRBMXLG MRPMWL!
WHA--?! BABY-TALK-- COMING FROM MRS. GOLDSTEIN'S APARTMENT!


FRANTICALLY, CLARK HAMMERS ON THE DOORBELL...
CLARKY!? TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT...?
A BABY, MRS. G.! I HEARD ONE TALKING IN HERE!


OH, THAT! COME IN, CLARKY!
THEN YOU DO HAVE THE LEWIS'S BABY IN HERE? THANK HEAVEN!
4

WHAT LEWIS'S BABY? THIS IS *LANCE*, MY OLDEST DAUGHTER *SARAH'S* BOY! I'M TAKING CARE OF HIM FOR A FEW DAYS! I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHEN SOMEONE WOULD COME OVER TO LOOK AT HIM! HE'S SUCH A *BEAUTIFUL* BOY!.

OH-- *NO*--!

FRBRJKL MNGLFRP!

CLARKY-- WHERE YOU *GOING* IN SUCH A HURRY? STAY A MINUTE! I'LL FIX YOU A GLASS TEA AND SOME HONEY CAKE!

SORRY, *MRS. G.*-- NO TIME! LET ME TAKE A RAIN CHECK!

THOSE BIG-SHOT TV-PEOPLE -- ALWAYS RUSH, RUSH, RUSH! POOR *CLARKY* SHOULD LEARN TO SLOW DOWN! ALL THAT RUSHING IS NO GOOD FOR THE INDIGESTION! COME, SWEETHEART-- GRANDMA WILL GIVE YOU A *COOKIE!*

AND BACK IN THE HALLWAY, THE SEARCH GOES ON...

THE CORRIDOR COMES TO A *DEAD END* AROUND THE CORNER!

HOPEFULLY, LITTLE *MICHELE* WILL HAVE BOXED HERSELF IN!

BUT WHEN THE ANXIOUS REPORTER ROUNDS THE CORNER

GREAT GALAXIES! SOME IDIOT LEFT THE DOOR TO THE STAIRWELL OPEN!

IF *MICHELE* WANDERED OUT THERE, SHE... *OH-- NO!*

5

THE *ACE REPORTER* RACES TO THE STAIRWELL--AND HIS GREATEST FEARS ARE REALIZED...

SNAP OUT OF IT, *KENT!*

MAYBE SHE'S STILL *ALIVE!*

OH, GOD-- SHE'S *DEAD* --AND *I'M* RESPONSIBLE!

THERE MIGHT *STILL* BE A CHANCE TO *SAVE* HER!

AT STUNNING SPEED, *CLARK* REACHES THE BASE OF THE STAIRWELL AND FINDS...

MICHELE'S DOLL--?! I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK OVER A *STUFFED TOY!*

THEN... *WHERE* IS *MICHELE?*

THE NERVOUS *NEWSMAN* RETURNS TO HIS SEARCH WITH A VENGEANCE, SCOURING THE HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, CAREFULLY CHECKING OUT EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY...

NOT A SIGN! SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE *ANYWHERE!* I'VE CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED AND...

WAITAMINNIT! THERE'S ONE PLACE I *HAVEN'T* DOUBLE-CHECKED!

AND MOMENTS LATER...

I WAS *RIGHT!* SHE'S BACK WHERE SHE *STARTED* FROM--BUT *HOW?*

IT'S TIME WE GOT TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THIS!

VOOTIE...

6

OKAY, SWEETHEART-- LET'S SEE HOW YOU *DO* IT! *DISAPPEAR-- WALK THROUGH THE WALL-- FADE OUT-- SCRAM-- BUG OFF-- BEAT IT!*

THIS ISN'T GETTING ME *ANY-WHERE!* THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* THAT MADE HER MOVE... LET ME START FROM THE BEGINNING...

LAST TIME I SAW HER WAS JUST *BEFORE* I STARTED TO DIAL THE PHONE-- LIKE THIS...

AHH--THERE SHE GOES! WHEN THE *DIAL MOVES*, SO DOES *MICHELE!*

WITH SURPRISING SPEED, THE LITTLE GIRL SCUTTLES ACROSS THE ROOM AND...

SO *THAT'S* HOW SHE DOES HER *FADE-OUT!*-- THROUGH A *DOGGY-DOOR* HIDDEN IN THE WALL! YOU'D NEVER NOTICE IT IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS *THERE!*

THE LAST TENANT WHO LIVED IN THIS APARTMENT WAS AN INTERIOR DECORATOR! HE MUST HAVE PUT IN THE MINI-DOOR-- AND LEFT IT THERE WHEN HE MOVED! I'D BETTER TELL *PETRA* TO GET IT SEALED OFF!

SHORTLY, WHEN MRS. LEWIS HAS RETURNED...

SORRY SHE CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE, *CLARK!* WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

PETRA, RIGHT NOW ALL *I* WANT TO MAKE UP IS *TIME!*

BROTHER, AM I *LATE* FOR MY *INTERVIEW!*

END

7

Book BSUP PR#

SUPERMAN

IT IS A BRIGHT SPRING [illegible]... THERE IS HARDLY A CLOUD IN THE SKY AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE SONG OF THE MORNING BIRDS AS THE *MAN OF STEEL* STOPS FOR A VISIT WITH TWO FRIENDS...

JACK! AMY! GOOD TO SEE YOU! IS SOMETHING *WRONG*?

THERE SURE IS *SUPERMAN!* SOMETHING IS *DIRTYING UP* THE STREAM!

WHY--YECH! THE WATER IS *POLLUTED!* IT'S [illegible] *RUINED* FOR THE FISH AND ANIMALS WHO BATHE HERE! HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?

WE DON'T KNOW SUPERMAN! IT JUST *STARTED* THIS MORNING.

WELL, WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THIS GARBAGE TO ITS *SOURCE*...

.... AND FIND OUT *WHY*!...HANG ON *TIGHT* KIDS!

FLYING ALONG THE BANK OF THE INCREASINGLY MUDDIED STREAM, THE *ACTION* ACE [illegible]...

A *POLLUTOID*! THAT'S WHAT'S *FOULING* YOUR BROOK, KIDS! AN EVIL OBJECT WHOSE *ONLY* PURPOSE IS TO FILTHY THE WORLD AROUND US!....

...WAIT HERE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO *ATTEND* TO!

1

WRITTEN OFF

Book | Issue# | pg.#

LIKE A RAGING ROCKET, THE *MAN OF TOMORROW* STREAKS ACROSS THE CLEARING AND...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR MOTIVES IS, BUT YOU'VE JUST DEFILED YOUR *LAST* PIECE OF THIS GOOD EARTH

AN-ENEMY!

POLLUTOID-IS-PROGRAMMED-TO-DEAL-WITH ENEMIES! YOU-WILL-BE-ADDED-TO-THE GARBAGE-HEAP!

OOOFF!

UGLY, DISMANTLING *YOU* WILL BE AN ABSOLUTE PLEASURE!

NO! ENEMY-MUST-BE ELIMINATED-*ELIMINATED!*

AND WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE HAS CLEARED

WON YOU GOT HIM--AND WITH ONE PUNCH

BUT WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, SUPERMAN? DO *SEND* THAT TERRIFIC MONSTER

WITH *LUCK*, ANY, WE'LL KNOW THE ANSWER TO *THAT* IN (JUST A FEW MINUTES)

MY SUPER-VISION DETECTS A THIN, INVISIBLE TRAIL OF RADIATION THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY CONTROLLING THE ROBOT!

WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT RADIATION *BEGINS!*

THE WIND WHISTLES MOURNFULLY AS *SUPERMAN* AND HIS TWO YOUNG COMPANIONS RACE THROUGH THE AIR

THE OLD PLAYLAND AMUSEMENT PARK! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS

NOT *COMPLETELY* DESERTED, JACK! THE RADIATION WE'RE TRACKING IS COMING FROM... *HERE!*

AS THE WARY TRIO WALKS ALONG THE LONELY MIDWAY...

YOU KIDS STAY WHERE YOU ARE! MY *SUPER-HEARING* HAS PICKED UP SOMETHING THAT NEEDS INVESTIGATING

AW, WE ALWAYS MISS ALL THE *FUN*

FOLLOWING THE FLEETING SOUND, THE *MAN OF STEEL* SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN THE FUNHOUSE, WHERE HE DISCOVERS

ALL RIGHT, MR. WHOEVER-YOU-ARE, THE PARTY'S *OVER!* YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR POISONING OUR PLANET!

BUT THAT IS MY *DUTY*--MY *TASK*... FOR I AM THE *GRIME-MASTER!*

AS THE MAN OF STEEL MOVES FORWARD, THE HOODED FIGURE PRESSES ONE OF THE ORGAN KEYS AND..

WHAT THE--? MORE POLLUTED FUMES! THAT MADMAN'S TRYING TO CHOKE ME

BREATHE ON, SUPERMAN--BREATHE DEEP! FILL YOUR LUNGS WITH FILTH AND WASTE

..BUT, THEY TOO WILL FEEL MY BLACKENING TOUCH!

MORE POLLUTION FROM HIS JET-PACK! THAT GUY'S A WALKING POISON FACTORY!

I AM NOT ALONE IN MY WORK, SUPERMAN! EVERY DAY, SMOKE AND ASH IS POURED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE-- CHEMICAL WASTE AND FILTH IS DUMPED INTO LAKES AND RIVERS!

THERE IS A SHUTTERING OF GLASS AND TWO FIGURES STALK THROUGH THE GREYING SKY...

I AM ONLY HELPING TO BRING ABOUT THE INEVITABLE END TO THINGS!

BUT HE WON'T BE FOR LONG!

SORRY, SCUM-- TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE TO BREATHE THIS SORT OF MUCK ALREADY! NOW YOU HAVE A DATE WITH THE POLICE.

NEVER! YOU WON'T TAKE ME! MY MISSION IS NOT DONE YET! THERE ARE STILL CLEAR WATERS AND HEALTHY SKIES...

AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME!

THAT WEAPON-- SHOOTING MORE SLIME AT ME!

WELL, NOT *AGAIN!* I'VE ALREADY GOTTEN MY UNIFORM DIRTY *ONCE* TODAY!

W-WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

JUST GIVING YOU A *TASTE* OF YOUR OWN SICK *MEDICINE*, CRUD! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FOUND OUT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN *DOING* TO EVERYONE ELSE

STOP-- *STOP!!*

MOMENTS LATER

HERE'S YOUR *POLLUTER*, KIDS I'LL FIND A PLACE TO DUMP HIM WITH THE REST OF THE *TRASH!*

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *AMUSEMENT PARK*, SUPERMAN? IT'S STILL A *POLLUTION PLANT!*

HMMMM--YOU'RE RIGHT!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN *DO* ABOUT THAT

AND MERE MINUTES LATTER...

THERE IT IS, KIDS--A *REAL* HAPPY LAND! AND ITS ALL YOURS

GO AHEAD AND HAVE *FUN*

INSTANTLY THE FABULOUS *MAN OF STEEL* GOES TO WORK. HIS RED-AND-BLUE FORM IS A BLUR OF MOTION AS HE ALTERS THE SINISTER PLAYLAND...

AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS SPECIAL EDITION NO. 1 – CELEBRATING THE SUPER DC CON '76

"Here is a good example of the value of these thumbnail layouts.

"As you can see, I soon discovered the flow of the dialogue made Superman flying in from the right a poor idea. That, and the need for a caption right under the "S" of the Superman logo cramped all the space available. In the second layout, we find more room for a larger Superman figure."
— Neal Adams

In the 1970s, DC Comics ran a series of public service ads drawn by Neal promoting juvenile civil rights awareness.

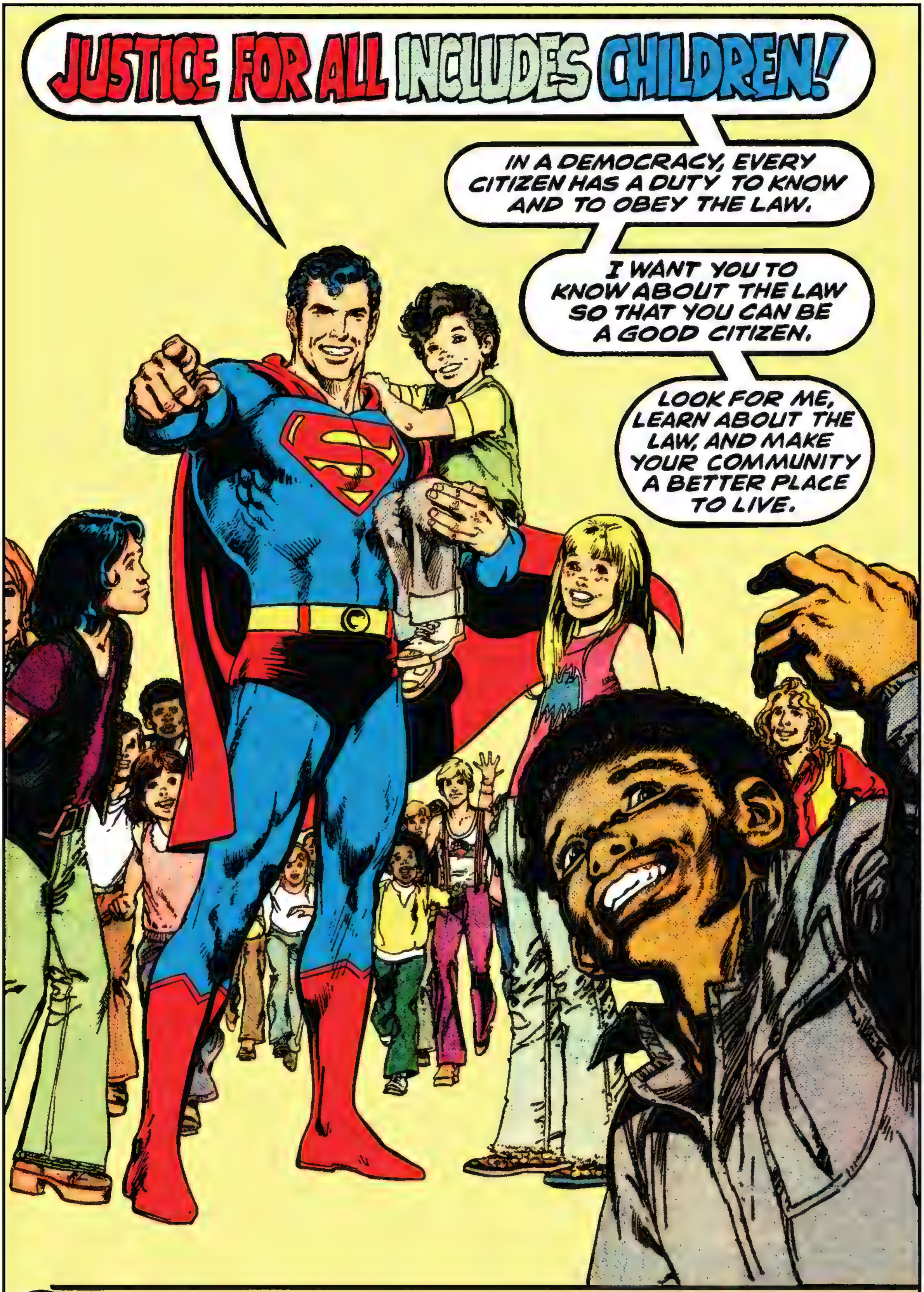
"One of the most satisfying things about drawing legendary fictional characters is the good values that they represent. Public service ads are part and parcel of this good will. What a pleasure to be a small part of the Superman legend when this happens." —Neal Adams

JUSTICE FOR ALL INCLUDES CHILDREN!

IN A DEMOCRACY, EVERY CITIZEN HAS A DUTY TO KNOW AND TO OBEY THE LAW.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT THE LAW SO THAT YOU CAN BE A GOOD CITIZEN.

LOOK FOR ME, LEARN ABOUT THE LAW, AND MAKE YOUR COMMUNITY A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE.



THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR JUVENILE JUSTICE, THE RESEARCH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE COURT JUDGES AND NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

JUSTICE FOR ALL INCLUDES CHILDREN, 2.

THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR JUVENILE JUSTICE, THE RESEARCH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE COURT JUDGES.

JUSTICE FOR ALL INCLUDES CHILDREN, 6

WHREEEEEE

POLICE

THANKS, SUPERMAN, WE THINK THIS CAR MAY HAVE BEEN STOLEN. COME WITH US, BOYS, WE WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A STOLEN CAR. I WAS HITCHHIKING AND JUST GOT IN.

HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, OFFICER. I SAW HIM GET IN.

OK, SUPERMAN, BUT WILL YOU DO ONE MORE FAVOR FOR US? WILL YOU AND OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE COME TO THE STATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO HELP US COMPLETE THE INVESTIGATION?

SURE.

...THANKS, SUPERMAN, YOU SURE SAVED ME FROM SOME *HASSLE!*

MAYBE *MORE* THAN YOU THINK! YOU JUST MISSED BEING ARRESTED FOR CAR THEFT BUT REMEMBER THIS! WHEN YOU GET INTO A CAR WITH A STRANGER, HE COULD BE A DRUNK, OR A CRIMINAL, OR JUST A BAD DRIVER. YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE...

...*UNTIL* YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT... OR WORSE... HITCHHIKING IS A RISKY BUSINESS... AND IT'S AGAINST THE LAW IN A LOT OF PLACES.

THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR JUVENILE JUSTICE, THE RESEARCH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE COURT JUDGES.

JUSTICE FOR ALL INCLUDES CHILDREN,7

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

SOME KIDS FROM ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD DID THIS!

FOR NO REASON!

BUT THE POLICE CAUGHT THEM IN THE ACT!

SO THEY'VE BEEN ARRESTED?

YEAH, BUT THE POLICEMEN SEEMED TO BE ON *THEIR* SIDE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THEY READ THEM THEIR RIGHTS, TOLD THEM THAT THEY HAD A RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT, AND HAD A RIGHT TO HAVE AN ATTORNEY. WELL ... WHAT ABOUT *US*?

HOLD IT, BOYS! *YOU* AND EVERYONE HAVE THESE SAME RIGHTS. RIGHTS ARE FOR EVERYONE! IN OUR SYSTEM OF JUSTICE, ONLY A COURT OF LAW IS ALLOWED TO DECIDE GUILT!

TO MAKE SURE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE, THE RULES MUST BE THE SAME FOR EVERYONE. SO, IT'S IMPORTANT FOR EVERYONE TO KNOW HIS RIGHTS.

NOW - WHY DON'T WE CLEAN UP SOME OF THIS MESS.

THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR JUVENILE JUSTICE, THE RESEARCH DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE COURT JUDGES.

Sketch to 9/11 TRIBUTE.

"Superman...again, here is the ideal icon to represent America at this terrible moment in our history (alongside Uncle Sam and the valiant workers, firemen and police officers after 9/11). Yes, Superman *is* a fictional character, but I gotta tell ya...he still means something wonderful." —Neal Adams

SUPPORT YOUR RED CROSS
FDNY
TRUTH, JUSTICE
AND THE
AMERICAN WAY.

9/11 TRIBUTE

EXCERPT FROM *FANBOY #5*

HMMM...LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADING FOR THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

HEY! EVERYTHING SUDDENLY GOT ALL DARK AND SORTA...

...REALISTIC-LOOKING--!

GOT TO FIND HIM...HE GOT AWAY FROM ME ONCE...***ALMOST***... BUT NOT QUITE!

...AND BATMAN! HE HAS A ***WILD LOOK*** IN HIS EYES...

OR, AT LEAST I ***THINK*** HE DOES! IT'S HARD TO TELL WHEN HE HAS THAT MASK ON!

BATMAN...BRUCE... CALM DOWN! LET'S THINK OF A PLAN TO OUTSMART THIS CLOWN!

NO! THERE'S ***NO TIME*** TO THINK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

THAT ***SLIMY VERMIN*** IS MOCKING US! YOU CAN SIT HERE AND THINK IF YOU WANT...

...BUT I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO THAT WALKING CRUD!

YEESH! HE'S SOUNDING MORE LIKE THE VILLAIN OF THIS STORY THAN THE HERO!

MAYBE I'LL JUST GO AROUND BACK AND WAIT FOR WEASEL TO COME OUT!

FEEL THE CHILL OF ICY WINDS AS THEY PIERCE THE NERVOUS AIR AROUND HIM...

SENSE THE VERY FEAR THAT ECHOES WITH HIS EVERY STEP...

HE'S AFTER ME! CAN'T LET HIM GET ME!

I CAN'T!

NEALADAMS.COM

A MOMENT IN THE WORTHLESS LIFE OF THE ONE THEY CALL WEASEL...

...A MOMENT WHEN HE CAN FEEL HIS HEART RACE AND WONDER...

IS ONE COMIC BOOK WORTH THIS?

SUDDENLY, HE SEES THE BIRD OF PREY...SUDDENLY, HIS WORLD CRUMBLES AND HE CAN BUT MUTTER IN A HOARSE WHISPER...

IT'S... IT'S...

...THE BATMAN!

WITH RAGE EXPLODING WITHIN, THE BATMAN CONFRONTS HIS QUARRY AND DEMANDS...

WHAT...

...DID YOU DO WITH THE COMIC BOOK, WEASEL? TALK!

WHAT I DON'T GET IS...HE LOOKS MORE REALISTIC NOW...

...BUT WHEN HE PUTS ON THE MASK...

...HIS EYES STILL DISAPPEAR...

...BUT HIS EYEBROWS SHOW THROUGH THE MASK!

HOW DOES THAT WORK?

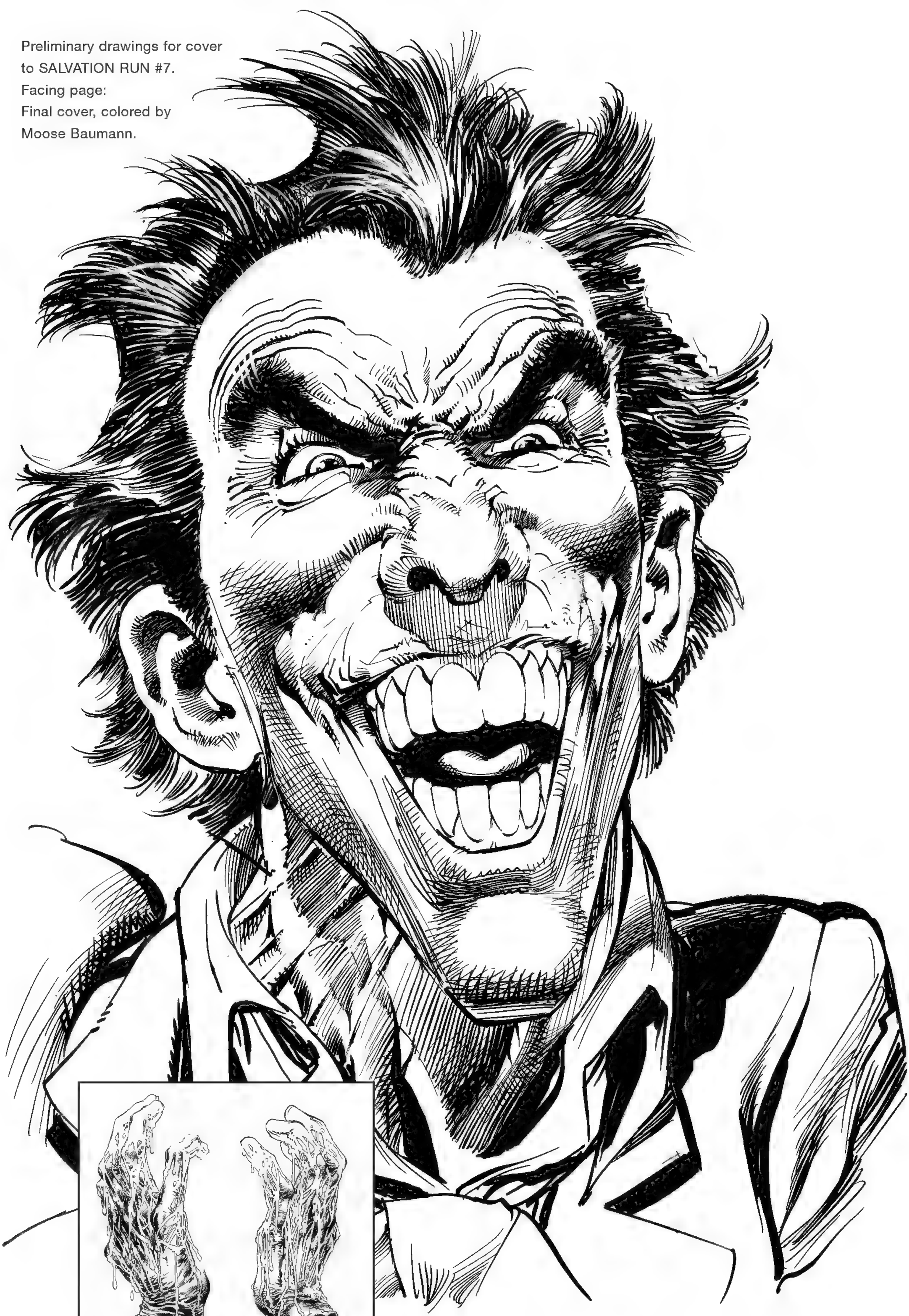
The Dark Knight and the re-designed Teen Wonder.

Preliminary sketch of Robin's new costume.

Sketches for Batman Black & White statue.

"Yep, a new/old, more powerful bat suit. No capsules or old-fashioned Garrison belt...instead, a true utility belt...formed to fit Batman's body." — Neal Adams

Preliminary drawings for cover
to SALVATION RUN #7.
Facing page:
Final cover, colored by
Moose Baumann.



"I'd always wondered how some artists do these layered drawings...
yet the underneath drawing always looked like it fit together.
My answer...do two drawings. Heh." —Neal Adams

NEAL ADAMS WAR STORIES

I could write a Bob Kanigher war story in my sleep. Yet I loved them. There was the formula: Problem is presented. Failure. Presented a second time. Failure. Presented a third time... success!

The thing is, Bob Kanigher was doing war stories in the midst of America's crackdown on comics. No blood, no wounds, no blowing up...but arguably the best war stories in comic books ever.

I know the stories were formula...but when I did them, they felt as individual as an artist would want.

And with a tip of the hat and a fond fondue to War Stories, I got to do a future war story (written by my collaborator and writer on *Brave and Bold*, Bob Haney).

The rest? Here's a rundown:

1) A G.I. who's willing to lay down his life to earn a medal. He finally gets one from an unexpected award-er.

2) A German sniper...who was an actor before the war is challenged to use his sniper and acting skills to cover up the retreat of his comrades.

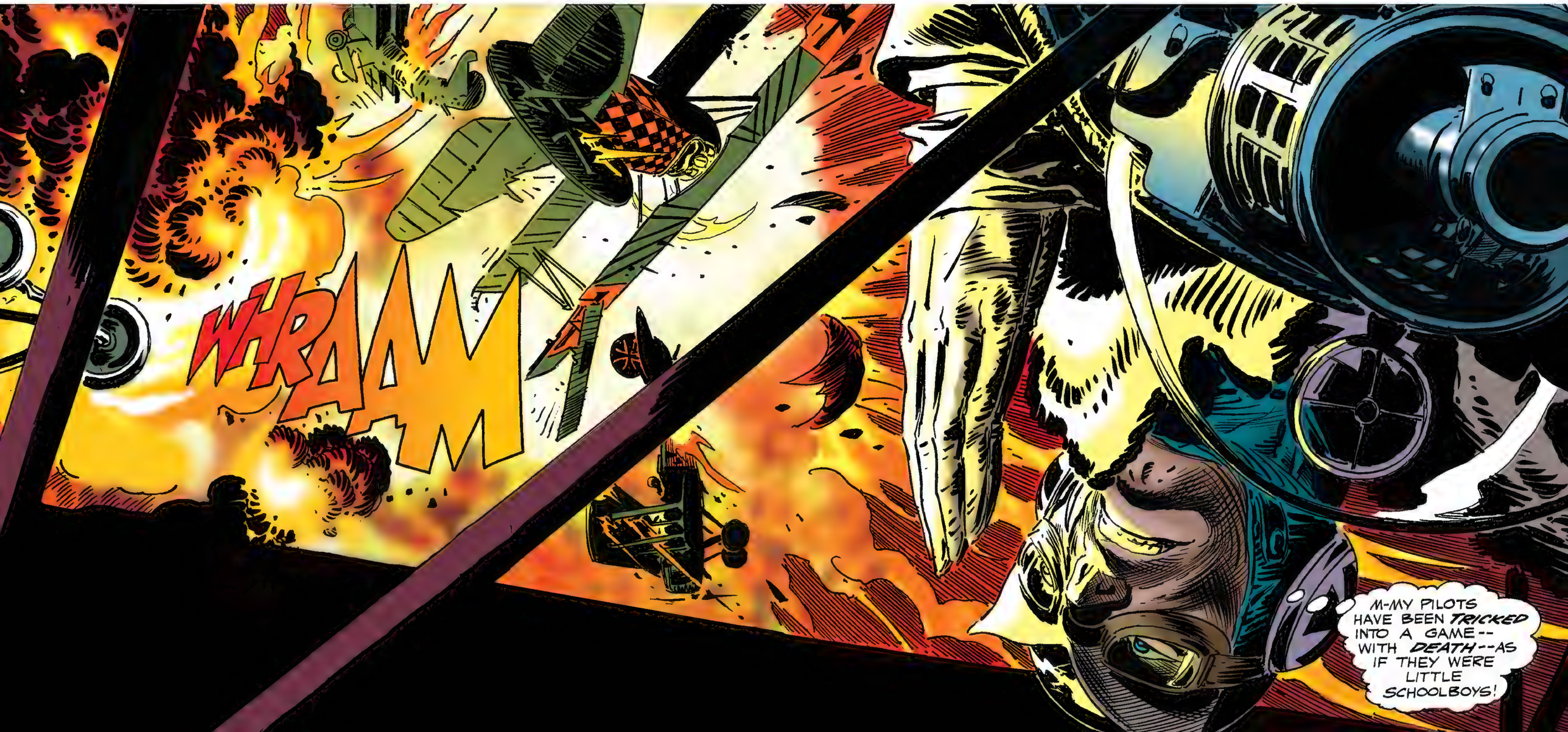
3) One of those incredible and silly "the war that time forgot" stories. Dinosaurs. I loved it.

4) Then to pencil for Joe Kubert. Sshaaaa!

The days of War Stories in comics seem to be over. The Comics Code is long gone. Wars are Intergalactic, and they're fought by superheroes.

America has lost its taste for war; it seems World War II was a Noble war in many ways. A defensive war, and maybe the last war on a worldwide theatre.

Times have changed.



ONE BY ONE THE INFANTRY PATROLS WERE CHOPPED UP BY NAZI GUNS! AND EVERY TIME THE YANK COMPANY COMMANDER SENT HIS MEN OUT HE KNEW MOST OF THEM WOULDN'T COME BACK! HE COULDN'T FACE HIS OWN CONSCIENCE AND HE FINALLY CRACKED— BECAUSE HE FORGOT THAT IN A WAR THERE ARE **TWO KINDS OF COURAGE!** AND YOU CAN'T WIN YELLING—

IT'S MY TURN TO DIE!

CRUMP

BLAM

ANOTHER PATROL, MAJOR? SURE! ONLY **THIS** TIME **I'M** LEADING IT!

YOU THINK I CAN KEEP SENDING MY MEN OUT WHEN I KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO GET KILLED! I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE! I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF ANOTHER SOLDIER!

IT'S MY TURN TO DIE!

YOU'RE THROUGH, **CAPT. SANDERS!** IF THERE'S ONE MAN WE **CAN'T** USE UP IN THE FRONT LINES— IT'S AN OFFICER WHO HASN'T THE **GUTS** TO CARRY OUT HIS **ORDERS!**

The CHARLIE COMPANY COMMANDER HAD BEEN SENDING OUT PATROL AFTER PATROL...

I KNOW WE'VE BEEN HIT WITH MORE THAN OUR SHARE OF THE DIRTY DETAILS, SGT. BURNS! BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DIG OUT THOSE KRAUT POSITIONS! AND BATTALION SAYS IT'S UP TO US!

I'LL GET THE PATROL READY, CAPT. SANDERS!

The YANK PATROL FOUND THE ENEMY NESTS ALL RIGHT...

TRAP! WE'VE STUMBLED INTO A WHOLE MESS OF MACHINE GUN NESTS! FALL BACK!

RATTATATAT

The NAZIS TRIED TO SNAP THE RING TIGHT...

KPOW POW POW

NEIN, AMERIKANERS! THIS WAY IS NO EXIT!

YOU'RE HOLDING UP TRAFFIC, NAZI!

I'M TURNING THIS ROAD INTO A TWO-WAY STREET FOLLOW ME, GUYS!

CHONK

The THREE-STRIPER ALMOST GOT OUT OF RANGE...

HIT... BUT I GOTTA KEEP MOVING... GET BACK... TELL THE C.O. WHAT WE FOUND!

VIIP VIIP ZING VIIP

The NCO MADE IT BACK, BUT...

A WHOLE HORNETS' NEST OF 'EM, SIR!

ANOTHER PATROL WIPED OUT! AND I'M THE ONE WHO SENT THEM TO THEIR DEATH!

2

CHARLIE COMPANY KEPT TAKING IT ON THE CHIN WITH ONE PATROL AFTER ANOTHER...

THE ENEMY IS ALL OVER THE PLACE! WE'VE GOTTA FIGHT OUR WAY BACK! OR ELSE WE'RE FINISHED!

LATER—THE BATTALION C.O. CAME FOR A LOOK-SEE...

THE KRAUTS ARE UP TO SOMETHING OUT THERE! KEEPING US PINNED IN HERE...SENDING REPLACEMENTS TO THIS SECTOR ALL THE TIME!

CHECK, SIR! BUT I'M LEADING THE NEXT ONE PERSONALLY!

THEY'RE SET TO SPRING SOMETHING! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT! KEEP SENDING OUT PATROLS, CAPTAIN!

IT'S MY TURN TO TAKE OUT THE PATROL! YOU THINK I CAN SIT SNUG IN A HOLE AND SEND MY BOYS OUT TO GET SHOT! I CAN'T TAKE THAT ANYMORE! IT'S MY TURN TO DIE!

YOU'RE RELIEVED OF COMMAND, SANDERS! YOUR EXEC WILL TAKE OVER THE COMPANY!

THIS OUTFIT DOESN'T NEED ANY BLEEDING HEARTS WHO CAN'T DO THE JOB THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DO! THE OFFICER GIVES THE ORDERS AND THE ENLISTED MEN CARRY THEM OUT—THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME IN THIS WAR!

IF YOU CAN'T DO THE JOB—WE'LL PUT SOMEBODY HERE WHO CAN! REPORT BACK TO DIVISION HQ!

SURE—I KNOW IT'S TOUGH SENDING THESE KIDS INTO THE KRAUT GUNS!

NOBODY WANTS IT THAT WAY! BUT IT'S GOT TO BE DONE!

3

CAPT. SANDERS TOOK THE LONG ROAD BACK...

GUESS I'M THROUGH AS A COMBAT COMMANDER! THE MAJOR'S RIGHT ABOUT ME... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY-MORE... KNOWING THOSE GOOD KIDS ARE GOING OUT ON MY SAY-SO... AND THEY WON'T BE COMING BACK

LET SOMEBODY ELSE HAVE THEIR BLOOD ON HIS CONSCIENCE - I'D RATHER **GET KILLED MYSELF** THAN ORDER ANY MORE **G.I.'S** TO THEIR DEATH!

DIVISION **HQ** WAS HALF-DESERTED...

NO OFFICERS IN THE AREA RIGHT NOW, SIR. THEY'RE HOLDING A STAFF MEETING - TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THE KRAUTS MIGHT TRY NEXT, SIR!

MEANING I HANG AROUND TWIDDLING MY THUMBS? MAYBE THAT'S ALL I'M GOOD FOR NOW ANYWAY!

SUDDENLY, SANDERS HEARD THE ROAR OF ENGINES, AND SAW...

PARADROP! SO **THAT'S** WHY THE KRAUTS PUT THE PRESSURE ON IN MY SECTOR! THEY TRIED TO FAKE US INTO THINKING THEY'D ATTACK... MAKE US PULL TROOPS INTO THE LINE ...THEN THEY DROP **BEHIND** THE DIVISION AND CATCH US IN A TRAP!

AND THERE'S NOBODY AROUND HERE TO TAKE CHARGE!

ROUND UP EVERY **G.I.** YOU CAN FIND! COOKS - CLERKS - **K.P.'S!** **EVERYBODY!**

IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES THERE'LL BE A KRAUT PARATROOP OUTFIT BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS!

Y-YES, SIR!

WHAT A SPOT! A WASHED-UP COMPANY COMMANDER... IN CHARGE OF A RAGTAG OUTFIT OF COOKS AND BOTTLE WASHERS... GUYS WHO WOULDN'T KNOW A SKIRMISH LINE FROM THE BACK END OF A HOWITZER!

AND THOSE ARE THE GUYS I'VE GOT TO SEND AGAINST A CRACK PARATROOP OUTFIT! BUT THERE'S **NOBODY ELSE AROUND** TO TAKE CHARGE! I'VE GOT TO DO IT!

4

The ELITE NAZIS TRIED TO TAKE OUT THE C.P. FIRST...

BRAT TAT

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! KEEP YOUR POSITIONS! IF THEY BUST THROUGH—THEY'LL SLICE UP THE WHOLE DIVISION! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT UNTIL HELP COMES!

BRAT TAT

KAPOW POW

SOME OF THE ENEMY GOT THROUGH—BUT...

MAYBE I'M NOT DOIN' THIS LIKE THE BOOK SAYS, NAZI...BUT I'M NEW AT THE GAME! GIMME TIME, I'LL LEARN!

WHUMP

PING

I'M ALL OUT OF HOT DOGS, KRAUTS! HOPE THIS GIVES YOU INDIGESTION!

SPANG

BLAM

SANDERS KNEW WHERE THE ENEMY MIGHT BE HEADING...

BRATTATTATT

THAT ARMORED TROOP CARRIER'S TRYING TO LINK UP WITH THE REST OF THE KRAUTS AND TAKE OVER THIS CROSSROADS!

ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP 'EM—I'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM PINNED DOWN WHILE A COUPLE OF YOU GUYS SNEAK UP ON BOTH SIDES WITH GRENADES! IT'S RISKY—BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!

YOU GIVE THE ORDERS, CAPTAIN—WE'LL CARRY THEM OUT!

5

BUDDA BUDDA

One OF THE BOYS DIDN'T MAKE IT...

RATTATTATTATTAT

YOU ARE TOO LATE, AMERIKANER!

THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH OF YOU TO STOP US!

SPANG VIP

But THE OTHER YANK CAME THROUGH...

BLAM

A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, KRAUTS! IF WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING WE'D HAVE MADE IT A LITTLE BIGGER AND BETTER!

SANDERS WENT BUZZING THROUGH THE GERMANS WITH HIS .30-CALIBER BLAZING...

KPOW

POW

RATTAT TATATAT

THEY BOTH GOT IT... AND I SENT 'EM TO THEIR DEATHS! BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY... I'VE GOT TO KEEP TELLING MYSELF AND KEEP BELIEVING IT... THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE ENEMY!

The GERMANS STARTED THROWING THEIR HEAVY STUFF AT THE RAGTAG PLATOON.

BLAM

TAKE COVER! SPREAD OUT, YOU MEATHEADS! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO BREAK UP A CROWD WHEN THE SHELLS START FLYIN'?

DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DROPPED THAT GUN... BUT THERE IT IS! UNLESS WE TAKE IT OUT— THAT GUN'LL BLOW US ALL OVER EUROPE! GUESS IT'S UP TO ME!

YOU, SIR? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

6

LISTEN, SOLDIER! A GUY COULD GET KILLED TRYING TO CROSS THIS KIND OF OPEN GROUND!

YOU THINK I'M GOING TO ASK FOR VOLUNTEERS TO DIE?

YOU'RE THE ONLY OFFICER WE'VE GOT, SIR! WITHOUT SOMEBODY IN CHARGE — WE'RE ALL DEAD ANYWAY!

MAYBE YOU NOTICED — THIS IS A WAR! WE CAN'T ALL BE CHIEFS... THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME PLAIN INDIANS, TOO!

SO I'M CONSIDERING YOU GAVE ME A DIRECT ORDER TO...

CLOBBER THAT GUN! COVER ME, SIR!

SURE... GOOD LUCK, SOLDIER!

SANDERS CLAMPED HIS FINGERS ON THE MG TRIGGER LIKE A VISE AND KEPT THEM THERE.

YEAH, KID YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THE MAJOR WAS RIGHT TOO! IN A WAR SOLDIERS GET KILLED...AND SOMEBODY HAS TO SEND 'EM OUT!

SO ALL A C.O. CAN DO IS KEEP ON POINTING THE WAY...AND HOPE HIS KIDS GET LUCKY AND COME THROUGH COME ON, BOY. MAKE IT! MAKE IT!

BLAM

RATTATATTA

BUT...

FAR ENOUGH, AMERIKANER!

BUDDA BUDDA

BUT THE CLERK SENT THE GRENADE TUMBLING THE REST OF THE WAY...

ORDERS ARE ORDERS, KRAUTS.. THE CAPTAIN SENT ME... TO GIVE YOU THIS...

BLAM

7

When SANDERS SAW THE KRAUT GUN CREW KAYOED...

MOVE IN ON THAT GUN! TURN IT ON THE NAZIS! GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN STEEL!

'SCUSE IT, CAPTAIN ...NONE OF US EVER FIRED ANYTHING BIGGER'N AN *M-1!* HOW DOES THIS THING OPERATE?

THAT'S WHAT *I'M* HERE FOR, SOLDIER! ***JUST FOLLOW ORDERS!*** WE'LL MAKE IT WORK!

The MOTLEY GUN CREW STARTED CLOBBERING THE STARTLED GERMAN PARATROOPS...

KEEP FEEDING THE SHELLS! WE'VE GOT THE KRAUTS ZEROED IN!

IF WE CAN HOLD OUT LONG ENOUGH... THEIR SURPRISE ATTACK WILL BE BUSTED TO PIECES!

BLAM

As SANDERS' CREW CHOPPED UP THE GERMANS, THE YANK RELIEF FORCE BROKE THROUGH...

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' SO FAR FROM HOME, NAZI?

CHUNK

LATER...
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, MAJOR, I'D LIKE TO RETURN TO MY OUTFIT IN THE LINE!
I THINK I'VE LEARNED A LESSON—ONE I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED ALL THE TIME!
THERE'S TWO KINDS OF COURAGE IN A WAR! ONE MAKES A SOLDIER WALK INTO THE ENEMY GUNS! THE OTHER GIVES AN OFFICER THE GUTS TO TELL HIM TO!
THE END.

IT IS USELESS! WE CANNOT STOP THE ***AMERIKANERS!*** I NEED A SNIPER TO HIDE IN THE VILLAGE AND KILL ENOUGH ***G.I.'S*** TO SLOW THEM UP—SO THE REST OF US CAN PULL OUT!

WHAM!

BRRRPPP!

CRACK!

A SUICIDE ROLE, HERR LEUTNANT? I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN SUCH A PART BEFORE-- ALTHOUGH I HAVE DONNED GUISES! I, ***HANS RITTER***, WILL TAKE THE PART!

POW!

POW!

WHENEVER ***HANS RITTER*** HAD ACTED ON THE ***GERMAN*** STAGE HE WAS A MASTERFUL PERFORMER! HE WAS ALWAYS IN COMMAND OF HIS PART! NOW HE WAS TAKING ON THE MOST DANGEROUS ROLE IN HIS LIFE--AS AN.

INVISIBLE SNIPER!

SO HANS RITTER STAYED BEHIND IN THE VILLAGE AND...

MY RIFLE IS A PART OF ME--I WOULD SOONER PART WITH MY RIGHT EYE!

POW! POW!

POW!

POW!

EVERY *AMERIKANER* I SEE IN MY SIGHTS IS *DEAD!*

POW!

POW!

DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

KLANK!

STRIP EVERY HOUSE DOWN--UNTIL YOU FIND THAT SNIPER--OR HE'LL PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE LIKE FISH IN A BARREL!

HOPE MY NOSE DOESN'T GET BUSTED--FOLLOWING IT, SIR! THAT'S HOW I'LL FIND THE SNIPER--BY SNIFFING HIM OUT!

ZWG

BEEOW

THE *AMERIKANERS* ARE LOOKING FOR A SNIPER! THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW MANY PARTS I HAVE PLAYED! ONE OF THEM IS THE *INVISIBLE MAN!* HA! HA!

KPOW! POW!

2

THE SNIPER'S FIRE LASHES OUT AGAIN AND...

I THINK THE SHOTS CAME FROM THAT HAYLOFT, SIR!

LET'S CHECK IT OUT!

ZING!

ZZING!

BEEOW!

BY THE TIME THE *YANKS* MOUNTED TO THE HAYLOFT...

NO ONE'S HERE, LIEUTENANT!

A GOOD ACTOR KNOWS WHEN HE HAS BEEN ON STAGE TOO LONG! THEY HAVE FOUND MY POSITION--AND THAT IS MY *EXIT CUE!* TO TAKE A NEW ROLE AND BECOME INVISIBLE!

BUT THE SNIPER *WAS* HERE! WE'RE GOING TO TURN THIS PLACE UP-SIDE DOWN, CORPORAL! UNTIL WE ROOT OUT THE EAGLE-EYED *KRAUT!*

MEANWHILE...

THEY WILL FIND ME--IF I REMAIN IN THE ROLE OF A SNIPER! BUT A GOOD ACTOR KNOWS HOW TO *IMPROVISE!* THESE WILL HELP ME FOOL THE *AMERIKANERS!*

CLOTHES! A FIREPLACE FULL OF SOOT! A BUCKET OF WATER! WITH MY MANY *VOICES,* A GREAT CHARACTER ACTOR LIKE *HANS RITTER* CAN USE ONLY THIS TO MAKE MYSELF AND MY RIFLE *INVISIBLE!*

3

LATER...

HEY, YOU-- WE TOLD ALL CIVILIANS TO STAY OFF THE STREETS!

ACH! I WAS ONLY GETTING SOME WATER!

I COMPLETELY FOOLED THE *AMERIKANER!* SOOT FROM THE FIREPLACE TO GIVE ME WRINKLES! THE SHAWL AND COAT TO HIDE MY RIFLE! PERFECT PLAYING!

YOU WERE FOOLED BY MY PERFORMANCE, *AMERIKANER!* IT WILL BE THE LAST ONE YOU WILL SEE!

POW!

THE *YANKS* KEPT HUNTING THE SNIPER...

THAT *KRAUT* SNIPER'S CRAFTY... NO HOLING UP IN A STEEPLE FOR HIM! HE KEEPS MOVING AROUND SO WE CAN'T NAIL HIM! AND THE WAY HE HANDLES THAT RIFLE-- THOSE SLUGS HOME IN WHERE HE TELLS 'EM TO GO!

OLD LADY-- GET BACK INSIDE-- BEFORE YOU GET HURT!

ACH-- I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE ANY TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN!

4

HOBNAIL BOOTS! THE SNIPER SWITCHED FROM A UNIFORM TO AN OLD LADY'S CLOTHES--WITHOUT CHANGING HIS BOOTS!

I'LL CATCH THAT HALLOWEEN CHARACTER SNIPER RED-HANDED!

BAM!

YOU MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE TOO FAST, *AMERIKANER!* A GOOD ACTOR LOOKS OVER THE STAGE BEFORE HE FACES HIS AUDIENCE! BECAUSE IF HE'S BAD, THEY **THROW** THINGS!

SPLASH!

I DON'T KNOW WHO SAW HIM COME IN HERE! I MUST NOT MAKE THE NOISE OF A SHOT--LEST OTHERS FOLLOW!

KRANG!

ONCE AGAIN THE TIME HAS COME FOR A QUICK EXIT AND A CHANGE OF ROLES!

THE *AMERIKANERS* HAVE CHECKED THIS HAYLOFT! THEY WILL NOT THINK I WOULD RETURN TO A PLACE THEY HAVE ALREADY CHECKED!

5

ACH! SUCH A PERFECT ROLE FOR AN ACTOR OF MY TALENTS!

KPOW!

I AM OUTWITTING THE STUPID ***AMERIKANERS!*** IF ONLY AN AUDIENCE COULD SEE THIS PERFORMANCE...

POW

...HOW THEY WOULD APPLAUD ME!

POW

I ALONE AM NOT THE ONLY STAR OF THIS PLAY! SURELY I MUST GIVE CO-STARRING CREDIT TO A SUPERB SUPPORTING PLAYER ... ***MY RIFLE!*** ... HA! HA!

BEEOW! BEEOW!

SHORT MOMENTS LATER...

TIME FOR A CHANGE OF SCENE! AN ***INTERMISSION*** WOULD BE EVEN BETTER, ***AMERIKANERS!*** A BRIEF REST... FOR ME TO THINK OF A FEW NEW TWISTS IN THE STORY!

THE ***GERMAN*** SNIPER DIDN'T MISS A TRICK...

I LEAVE A TRAIL IN THE MUD!... IF I CIRCLE AROUND... AND AROUND... I WILL MAKE SO ***MANY FOOTPRINTS*** NOT EVEN A BLOODHOUND COULD FOLLOW ME! THAT IS CALLED LEAVING A ***FALSE TRAIL*** TO CONFUSE THE AUDIENCE!

BUT THE *YANKS* KEPT COMING -- INCLUDING THE CLOBBERED CORPORAL..

M'HEAD FEELS LIKE A *KRAUT 88* USED IT FOR TARGET PRACTICE! BUT I CAN SEE CLEAR ENOUGH TO WATCH OUT FOR ANY OLD LADIES I RUN INTO!

HE'S NOT A FOOL! HE'LL HAVE DITCHED THAT DISGUISE!

HE'S NOT IN TOWN! HE MIGHT BE IN THERE! FOOTPRINTS LEAD IN AMONG THOSE TOMBSTONES!

NO USE BOTH OF US GOING IN! IF HE'S THERE, THE KRAUT WOULD HAVE *TWO* TARGETS! I'LL TAKE IT -- YOU CHECK OUT HERE! IF YOU HEAR A SHOT, I'VE FOUND HIM!

JUST A BUNCH O' FOOTPRINTS PLAYING RING-AROUND-THE-ROSY!

MAYBE HE'S A POKER PLAYER AND HAS GONE BACK TO SOME PLACE IN TOWN WE'VE ALREADY CHECKED OUT -- FIGURING WE WOULDN'T DOUBLE-CHECK!

MEANWHILE...

LET THE FOOLS SEARCH THROUGH THE TOMBSTONES! SOON IT'LL BE DARK ENOUGH TO SNEAK BACK TO MY COMRADES AND REPORT MY SUCCESSFUL "ENGAGEMENT" HERE!

THE *AMERIKANERS* I SHOT! A CHANCE FOR *ONE MORE DISGUISE!* THE PERFECT DISGUISE! ESPECIALLY IN THE DARK!

THE *NAZI* MADE ANOTHER ONE OF HIS QUICK CHANGES...

IT'S DARK ENOUGH FOR ME TO LEAVE! I WILL GIVE THE *AMERIKANERS* A *LAST ACT CURTAIN* THEY WILL NEVER FORGET!

7

A LEUTNANT! I CANNOT PASS UP SUCH A TARGET AS THIS!

THAT SNIPER'S STILL IN TOWN-- BUT *WHERE?*

THE SNIPER, CORPORAL-- I SPOTTED HIM IN THAT HAYSTACK THERE!

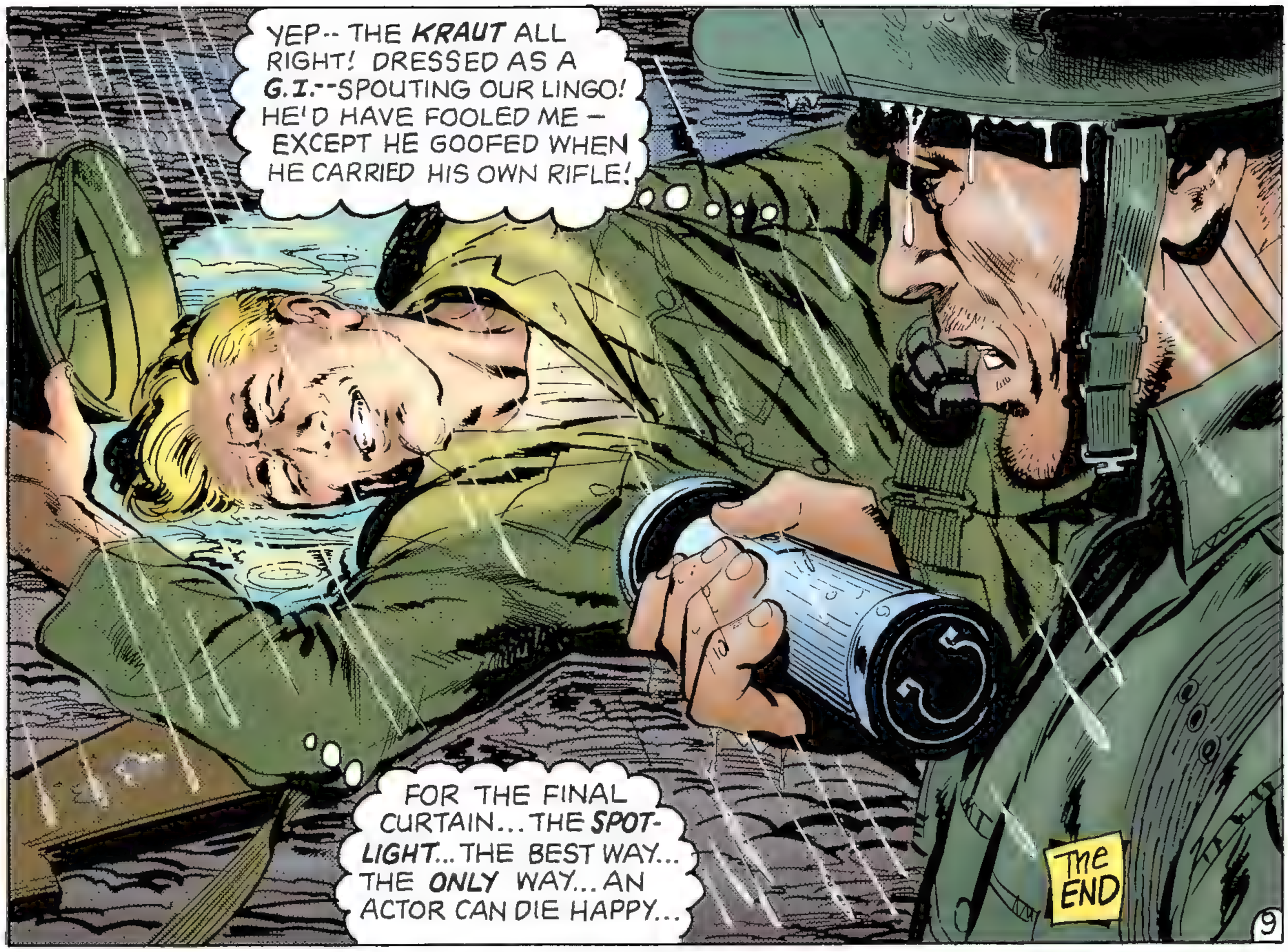
WHILE HE'S LOOKING FOR THE "SNIPER" -- I WILL BE-COME "INVISIBLE" AGAIN!

V!!P V!!P

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A *KRAUT* RIFLE INSTEAD OF YOUR OWN?

EVERYTHING ELSE PERFECT -- BUT I FORGOT TO LEAVE MY RIFLE BEHIND-- AS IF IT WERE REALLY LIKE MY RIGHT EYE!

POW POW POW


YEP-- THE KRAUT ALL RIGHT! DRESSED AS A G.I.--SPOUTING OUR LINGO! HE'D HAVE FOOLED ME — EXCEPT HE GOOFED WHEN HE CARRIED HIS OWN RIFLE!
FOR THE FINAL CURTAIN... THE SPOT-LIGHT... THE BEST WAY... THE ONLY WAY... AN ACTOR CAN DIE HAPPY...
THE END
9

THE WAR THAT TIME FORGOT!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BRATATTAT

PT221

WAR.

WARS ARE FOUGHT TO THE BITTER END! BETWEEN ARMIES--AND SOMETIMES, BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS ON THE SAME SIDE! ENSIGN FRYE WANTED HIS SKIPPER'S COMMAND! HE WAS WAITING FOR HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER TO CRACK UP! BUT TERROR SUDDENLY ERUPTED WHEN THEY HAD TO BATTLE THE GIANT MONSTERS OF...

THE KILLING GROUND

AS PT 221 STREAKED THROUGH MISTY SEAS, ENSIGN FRYE GLARED AT LT. BLAKE, HIS SKIPPER...

YOU'RE CRACKING UP, BLAKE! I CAN TELL! I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU! YOU SPLIT WIDER WITH EACH MISSION! AND THIS IS THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO BREAK YOU! WHEN YOU FOLD UP-- I'M TAKING COMMAND!

SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, FRYE! BUT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN REMOVE ME FROM COMMAND IS THE C.O.!

YOU FORGET I CAN TAKE OVER IN AN EMERGENCY! AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS MISSION IS GOING TO BE AN EMERGENCY ALL THE WAY!

RRRRRRRRRRR

SUDDENLY, IN THE GREAT FOG BANK SHELLS TORE THROUGH THE AIR AT THE PT BOAT..

WHROOM

WHROOSH

BLAM BLAM

PT 221

THERE'S THE ENEMY DESTROYER OUR SQUADRON WAS LOOKING FOR--!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT FOUND US FIRST!

WE'LL GO IN FOR A TORPEDO ATTACK--WHILE THE FOG'S ROLLING INTO THEIR GUNNERS' SIGHTS!

READY NO. 1

OUCH!

WHOOSH

FIRE NO. 1!

NO. 1 TORPEDO FIRED, SIR!

SPLASH (2)

AS THE TORPEDO SPED THROUGH THE STRANGE WATERS...

LOOK! AN UNDERSEA MONSTER! SPEARING THAT TORPEDO LIKE IT WAS JUST A SARDINE! IT'S A NIGHTMARE!

THE HUGE SEA BEAST STARTED TO CRUNCH THE TORPEDO IN ITS CLAW...

THAT MONSTROSITY CAN'T BE REAL! I'M DREAMING IT!

KRRUNCH!

YOU'RE CRACKING UP, LT. BLAKE! YOUR SEAMS ARE BEGINNING TO SHOW! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I TAKE OVER!

JUST THEN, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR...

WHROOOM

THE CREATURE BLEW ITSELF UP— WITH THE PRESSURE IT APPLIED TO THE TORPEDO! ITS GIANT SQUEEZE WAS THE SAME AS THE IMPACT WITH WHICH THAT TORPEDO WOULD STRIKE A SHIP!

3

THE ENEMY SHIP'S HEADIN' ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH US!

IF THEY HIT US-- THEY'LL GO RIGHT THROUGH US!

YEAH--LIKE A HOT KNIFE GOES THROUGH BUTTER!

THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' LEFT OF US BUT GREASE SPOTS!

LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE SWEATING SO MUCH-- YOUR HANDS ARE SLIPPING ON THE WHEEL! YOU'RE CRACKING!

LOOK AGAIN! THAT'S YOUR SWEAT THAT'S SPLASHING ON MY HANDS!

The NEXT MOMENT...

YOU TORE US RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THAT KNIFE, *LIEUTENANT!*

YOU SURE SAVED OUR SKINS, SKIPPER!

YOU'VE GIVEN US A CHANCE FOR A CRACK AT THAT ENEMY CAN!

BEFORE PT221 COULD FIRE A SINGLE WEAPON AT THE ENEMY...A NEW THREAT AROSE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA...

EEERRROAR...

PT 221

ANOTHER GIANT MONSTER JUST GRABBED THE ENEMY SHIP! IT'S SQUEEZING IT LIKE AN UNDERSEA BOA CONSTRICTOR! IT'S TRYING TO DRAG IT UNDER!

4

BEFORE THE INCREDULOUS GAZE OF THE MEN ABOARD THE PT BOAT...

IF THAT DESTROYER'S BEING DRAGGED UNDER--WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE WITH OUR BOAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE WITH A *SKIPPER* THAT'S CRACKING UP!

BUT *I'M* READY TO TAKE OVER AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, *LIEUTENANT!*

Then...

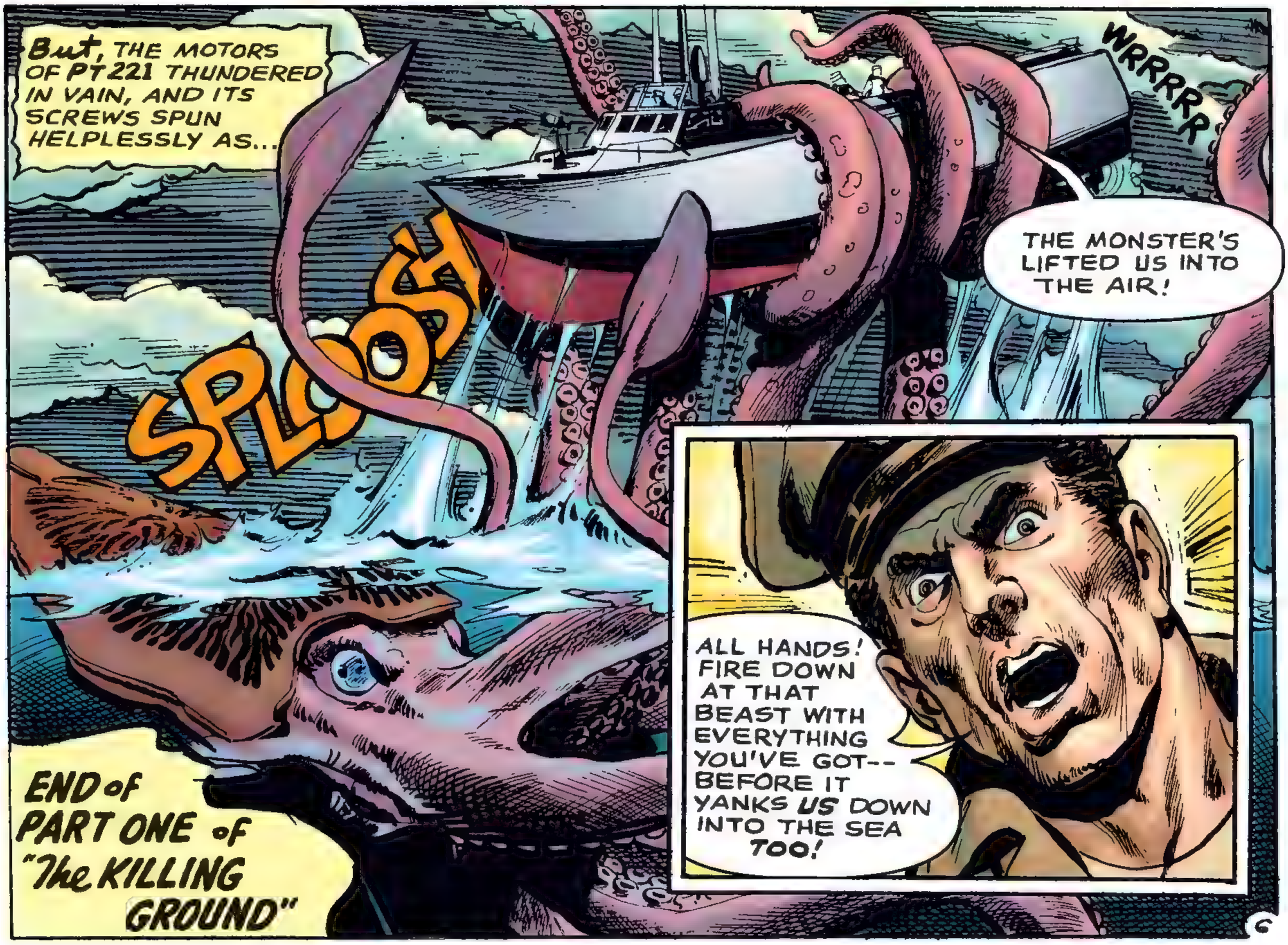
SKIPPER! A MONSTER'S GOT A STRANGLEHOLD ON US!

IT'LL DRAG US UNDER LIKE WE WAS A SARDINE!

WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

HANG ON! I'M GOING TO GIVE HER ALL THE JUICE WE'VE GOT—AND SLIP RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THE MONSTER'S GRIP!

5


But, THE MOTORS OF PT 221 THUNDERED IN VAIN, AND ITS SCREWS SPUN HELPLESSLY AS...
SPLOOSH
WRRRRR
THE MONSTER'S LIFTED US INTO THE AIR!
ALL HANDS! FIRE DOWN AT THAT BEAST WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT-- BEFORE IT YANKS US DOWN INTO THE SEA TOO!
END of PART ONE of "The KILLING GROUND"
6

PART TWO

THE EXPLOSIVE CONCLUSION of THE KILLING GROUND!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BRATATTAT

PT 221

NO USE, SKIPPER! OUR LEAD'S GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH THAT THING-- WITHOUT SLOWIN' IT UP!

IT NEEDS SOME-THIN' ELSE TO STOP IT!

IF THAT'S SO, WE'RE FINISHED!

READY TO HAND OVER THE COMMAND TO ME, *LIEUTENANT?* THIS *MUST* BE THE *SPOT* WHERE YOU'LL FOLD UP!

WE'RE *ALL* IN A SPOT UNLESS WE CAN BLOW OUR WAY OUT OF THAT MONSTER'S GRIP! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE WE'VE GOT OF DOING IT--EVEN THOUGH WE'RE RISKING BEING CRUSHED OURSELVES! *READY DEPTH CHARGE!*

DROP DEPTH CHARGE!

DEPTH CHARGE DROPPED!

WHROOOSH

USN

THE DEPTH CHARGE PLUNGED BENEATH THE FROTHING WAVES AND HURTLED TOWARD THE GIGANTIC CREATURE ...

7

As THE SEAS EXPLODED UNDER THE PT BOAT...

THE DEPTH CHARGE DIDN'T WORK! THE MONSTER IS DRAGGING US UNDER! WE'D BETTER ABANDON SHIP!

BUDDA BUDDA

BRATTAT ATTA

WHRUMMM

NOT UNLESS I GIVE THE COMMAND! AND I HAVEN'T! WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IN THESE MONSTER-INFESTED SEAS OUTSIDE THIS BOAT!

KEEP FIRING RIGHT UNDER US WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, MEN! THE DEPTH CHARGE *MUST* HAVE HURT THE MONSTER BADLY!

THUUD

A FEW HEART-POUNDING MOMENTS LATER...

WE'RE OKAY, MEN! THE BOAT'S RIGHTED ITSELF! THE BEAST MUST HAVE BEEN BLASTED--IT LET GO ITS GRIP ON US! HEAVE THOSE COILS OVERBOARD--THEIR WEIGHT IS ACTING LIKE AN ANCHOR ON US!

THEY'RE SLIPPIN' OFF BY THEM-SELVES, SKIPPER!

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE FOG BANK--WE'LL MAKE OUR WAY THROUGH IT--AND HEAD BACK TOWARD THE BASE!

RRRRRRRRRRRR

PT

8

WE MUST HAVE DRIFTED A LONG WAY! I DON'T REMEMBER AN ISLAND IN THAT SPOT--ON OUR CHARTS! WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK AT IT AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE! AND RADIO BASE ABOUT IT! THE ENEMY MAY HAVE ALREADY OCCUPIED IT!

YOU'VE BEEN KNEE-DEEP IN HORSESHOES SO FAR--BUT YOUR LUCK'S BOUND TO CHANGE, *LIEUTENANT!*

AS PT 221 CRUISED PAST THE BEACH OF THE STRANGE ISLAND...

TAKKATAKKA

BAM

BAM

VIIP

ZING

SPANG

ZING

FIRE FROM THE BEACH! THE ENEMY DESTROYER MUST HAVE LANDED MEN ON THE ISLAND! RADIO-MAN! SEND NEWS TO THE BASE THAT THIS ISLAND'S OCCUPIED!

SORRY, SKIPPER! THE RADIO'S OUT OF COMMISSION FROM ALL THE POUNDIN' IT GOT!

THEN WE MUST GET BACK WITH THE INFO THAT THE ENEMY IS SQUATTING ON THIS ISLAND! OR OUR GUYS WILL RUN INTO A *TNT* TRAP WHEN THEY COME AROUND TO ASSAULT IT!

KPOW KPOW

BAM BAM

SUDDENLY, THE FIRING FROM THE ISLAND CEASED AS . . .

LOOK, SIR! A MONSTER IS CLOBBERIN' THE ENEMY FLAT WITH A TREE!

THEY AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

KRASH

THUD

LET'S GET OUT OF 'ERE!

THE NEXT MOMENT, THE BEAST DROPPED THE TREE AND WITH A SWIFT LUNGE...

IT'S GRABBED THE BOAT! OPEN FIRE ON IT WITH EVERY-THING YOU'VE GOT!

9

IN AN INCREDULOUS MOMENT, THE HUGE CREATURE TUGGED AND...

YOUR LUCK'S RUNNING OUT, *LIEUTENANT!* THAT THING'S DRAGGING US RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER AND ONTO THE BEACH-- LIKE THE BOAT WAS JUST A TOY IN A BATH TUB!

ROARRRRR

YOU'RE RIGHT, FRYE! THE LEAD WE'RE TOSSING AT IT ISN'T HAVING MUCH EFFECT! *MEN--BREAK OUT THE GRENADES!*

PT221

BRATTATTA

BUDDA-BUDDA

WHAM BLAM

BLAM WHAM

READY--AIM--TOSS 'EM!

But AS THE GREAT BEAST TOPPLED ON ITS FACE...

YOUR LUCK'S STILL OUT, *SIR!* THE MONSTER'S GOT US IN ITS GRIP!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK HERE UNTIL THE TIDE COMES IN TO FLOAT US OUT! MEAN-WHILE, WE CAN RECON THE ISLAND AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY MORE OF THE ENEMY ABOUT!

PT 221

10

AS SOME OF THE MEN SET ABOUT LOOSENING THE GIANT BEAST'S GRIP ON THE PT BOAT WITH CROWBARS...

THE ENEMY ON THE BEACH WHO WERE KILLED BY THE MONSTER MIGHT BE ALL WHO WERE PUT ASHORE BY THE DESTROYER! BUT MAKE A RECON OF THE ISLAND JUST TO MAKE SURE! PATROL ONLY! DON'T FIGHT! THAT'S AN ORDER! I WANT INFORMATION! I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU!

SOUNDS PRETTY TAME TO ME, *LIEUTENANT!* JUST THE KIND OF ACTION *YOU'D* GO FOR--NOT ME! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS, *SIR!*

JUST AS THE MEN UNDER THE COCKY ENSIGN STARTED OUT...

THAT KING-SIZED BUZZARD SWOOPED DOWN WITHOUT A SOUND AND GRABBED ENSIGN FRYE!

WE'VE GOTTA RIP IT TO PIECES WITH LEAD!

AND KILL ENSIGN FRYE TRYING TO FREE HIM? WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL TO WING THAT MONSTER AND BRING THE ENSIGN DOWN!

YOU FINALLY GOT YOUR WISH, BLAKE! THIS IS ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE I'LL NEVER TAKE OVER COMMAND FROM YOU!

THE YELLING OF THE CAPTURED ENSIGN FADED AS...

THE MEN ARE LOOKING AT ME AS IF FRYE IS RIGHT--AND THAT I **LET** HIM GO TO HIS DEATH! I CAN'T LET THEM GO ON THINKING THIS--I'VE GOT TO DO **SOMETHING!**

LT. BLAKE QUICKLY TOOK OVER THE ENSIGN'S PARTY AND...

THE BUZZARD FLEW IN THE DIRECTION OF THAT CLIFF! IT MIGHT HAVE A NEST THERE IN WHICH IT WOULD KEEP ENSIGN FRYE FOR A WHILE BEFORE--ANYWAY--IT'S WORTH A TRY! BUT WE'VE GOT TO DOUBLE-TIME IT! MEANWHILE, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR ANY SIGNS OF THE ENEMY!

THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS JUNGLE THE PATROL RUSHED...

NOT A SIGN OF THE ENEMY! GUESS THE ONLY ONES ON THE ISLAND WERE ON THE BEACH!

UP THE CLIFF THE MEN LABORIOUSLY TOIL...

IF ONLY FRYE IS STILL ALIVE-- SO THE MEN WON'T ACCUSE ME OF HIS DEATH!

THE SEARCHERS REACH THE TOP AND LOOKING DOWN OVER THE SIDE...

THE BUZZARD'S GONE FOR THE MOMENT-AND THERE'S FRYE! BUT I CAN'T TELL WHETHER HE'S ALIVE OR NOT! BREAK OUT THE ROPE AND LOWER ME DOWN TO THAT NEST--BEFORE THAT BUZZARD RETURNS!

AS THE LIEUTENANT IS LOWERED INTO THE GIANT NEST...

HERE COMES THE BUZZARD WITH ITS MATE--FOR A NOONDAY SNACK! GOT TO SPOIL THEIR APPETITE--

BEFORE THEY YANK OUT THEIR TOOTH-PICKS!

SKREE

TYING THE ROPE AROUND HIS ENSIGN, LT. BLAKE HAS HIM RAISED WHILE...

WE'LL FLAK 'EM BOTH OUTA THE AIR, SKIPPER!

BRATATTA-

BUDDA-BUDDA!

SKREEEEE

BLAM

BUDDA-BUDDA!

POUR EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT AT THEM--NOW THAT FRYE IS OUT OF YOUR LINE OF FIRE--UNTIL THEY GET ACUTE LEAD POISONING!

WITH THE WINGED GIANTS GUNNED DOWN, THE LIEUTENANT WAS THE NEXT TO BE RAISED...

I CAME TO--JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE ACTION--AND WHAT YOU DID! YOU TAUGHT ME THAT THEY PICKED THE RIGHT SKIPPER FOR PT 221--YOU, SIR!

BACK SPED THE PATROL TO THE BOAT JUST AS...

WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT WE WANT TO ABOUT THIS PLACE! IT ISN'T FIT FOR ANY MAN! NOW THAT WE'RE FLOATING FREE--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

RRRRRRR

But...

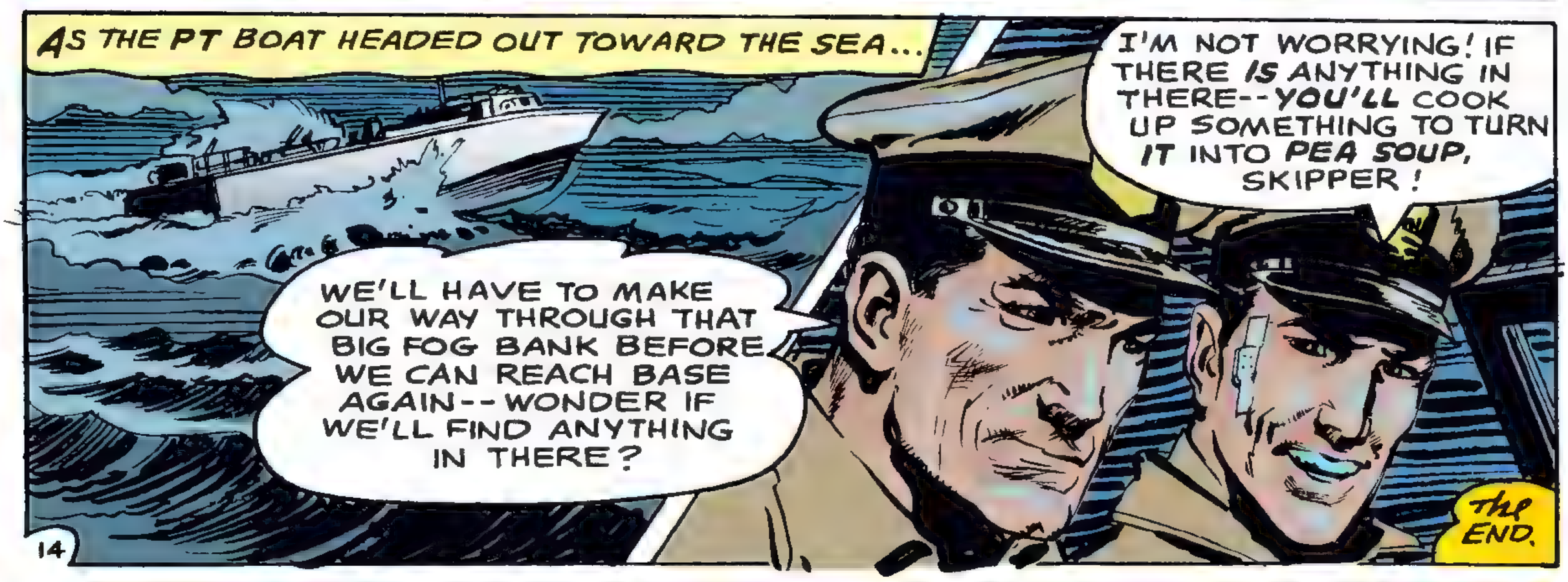
ARRRRRRRR

SKIPPER--WE'RE CAUGHT AGAIN! AND WE'VE SHOT OFF ALL OUR AMMO! WE'VE NOTHING. LEFT IN OUR GUNS!

MAYBE NOT! BUT NO.2 TORPEDO IS STILL IN ITS TUBE! FIRE NO.2! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SKIP-BOMB THAT MONSTER OUT OF ITS GRIP!

13

The TORPEDO BOUNDED INTO THE GIANT BEAST AND WITH AN EXPLOSIVE ROAR...
BAARAM!
ANOTHER TNT KAYO, SKIPPER!


AS THE PT BOAT HEADED OUT TOWARD THE SEA...
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUR WAY THROUGH THAT BIG FOG BANK BEFORE WE CAN REACH BASE AGAIN--WONDER IF WE'LL FIND ANYTHING IN THERE?
I'M NOT WORRYING! IF THERE IS ANYTHING IN THERE--YOU'LL COOK UP SOMETHING TO TURN IT INTO PEA SOUP, SKIPPER!
THE END.
14

BLAM

KPOW!

COME BACK HERE, GALLAGER! WIPIN' OUT THAT NAZI MORTAR IS A DETAIL FOR THE BAZOOKA TEAM— NOT A MEDAL HELMET-HEAD LIKE YOU!

YOU GUYS'LL BE MY WITNESSES FOR THE MEDAL JOB! I'VE GOT TO HAVE WITNESSES— RIGHT?

I HAD A SPECIAL REASON TO EARN A MEDAL! I DIDN'T CARE WHAT IT WAS FOR—WHETHER IT WAS BIG OR SMALL— SILVER OR GOLD — OR WHETHER THE RIBBON WAS RED, WHITE, BLUE OR POLKA-DOTTED! I JUST HAD TO EARN ONE--EVEN IF I HAD TO GIVE...

MY LIFE FOR A MEDAL

BA-RAM

GALLAGER FINALLY GOT HIS MEDAL...A *PURPLE HEART!* AND WE'RE THE WITNESSES ALL RIGHT!

VROOM

BUT- GROGGILY I SAW AND HEARD...

BLAMMM

THERE'S A MEDAL... FOR THE BAZOOKA TEAM-!

LUCKY GALLAGER! TEMPORARY SHOCK! NOT A SCRATCH ON HIM!

CALL THAT LUCKY... I'VE BEEN CHEATED OUT OF A MEDAL AGAIN!

ANY G.I. WHO IS SO MEDAL-MAD HE EVEN WANTS A PURPLE HEART IS NUTTIER THAN PEANUT BRITTLE!

LATER... AS OUR PATROL PROBED DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY...

WE'LL SPLIT HERE TO LOOK FOR NAZI TRAPS OUR OUTFIT MIGHT RUN INTO WHEN IT MOVES UP TONIGHT! IF *YOU* FIND SOMETHIN', GALLAGER, NO HERO STUFF ON YOUR OWN! CONTACT THE BAZOOKA BOYS!

ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER, I SPOTTED SOMETHING THAT MADE MY EYES LIGHT UP WITH SILVER STAR MEDALS...

A NAZI PILL BOX--AND IT'S ALL MINE! A MEDAL FOR SURE! THE GUYS'LL CATCH UP TO ME IN TIME TO BE MY WITNESSES!

2

BUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED COUNTING MY MEDALS BEFORE THEY WERE PINNED ON ME, BECAUSE...

AMERIKANER FOOL! I AM HERE TO SEE THAT NO ONE SURPRISES OUR PILL BOX!

I HAD TIME FOR ONE DESPERATE PUNCH...

BROK

HERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU, BUSTER!

8

BIFF

THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET NEAR ENOUGH TO THAT PILLBOX TO TRY TO K.O. IT—

—IS TO USE THIS FIGHT—

KRACK

— AS A COVER!

CHONK

THE PILLBOX HAD CAUGHT WISE TO MY STUNT, AND...

RATTATTATTAT

THEY'RE TRYING TO NAIL ME BEFORE I CAN MAKE MY MOVE— BUT I CAN ROLL UNDER THEIR FIRE NOW!

I STOOD UP NEAR A VIEW SLIT...

NOW FOR A LITTLE TNT STUFFING FOR THIS CRAZY RED-HOT PEPPER!

RATATATA

3

The GRENADE SPARKED OFF THE AMMO, AND...

WHRAM

MUST'VE SMOKED A FULL PACK OF CIGARETTES BEFORE **SARGE** AND THE REST OF THE PATROL APPEARED...

I GOT ME A ***NAZI PILL BOX, SARGE!*** WHAT KIND OF A MEDAL YOU GOING TO PUT ME IN FOR?

THE TOP OF A ***C-RATION*** CAN! NOBODY SAW YOU DO IT-WHERE ARE YOUR WITNESSES! YOU'RE SO MEDAL-HUNGRY YOU'D TAKE CREDIT FOR A DIRECT HIT ONE OF OUR PLANES MUST'VE MADE HERE!

But - ON THE NEXT DAY'S PATROL I HAD A WITNESS WITH ME...

STICK CLOSE TO ME, ***SLIM*** BUDDY! BECAUSE WHEN I CLOBBER SOMETHING ***NAZI***-I WANT YOU TO SEE IT SO I CAN GET PAID OFF IN MEDALS!

I'LL STICK-- AS LONG AS YOUR MEDAL-MADNESS DOESN'T GET US PAID OFF IN ***NAZI*** LEAD!

4

I SOON FOUND A PRIZE...

SPANG

VIP

IT'S A DOWNED NAZI SHIP! SLIM! YOU COVER ME! HERE'S WHERE I EARN A MEDAL FOR BAGGING THE PLANE!

BRATTATTATT

THE FOCKE-WULF'S ENGINE RE-STARTED -- AND THE BIG BRUTE IS POUNCING TOWARD ME!

TZING - VIP - SPANG -

WHY ISN'T SLIM GIVING ME COVER FIRE? IS HE ASLEEP?

RATATATAT

ANYWAY— IF I COME OUT ALIVE— THIS TIME THERE'LL BE NO FOUL-UP! I GOT MY JUICY MEDAL TARGET— AND MY MEDAL WITNESS!

ZING!

ZING!

ZING!

ZING!

BLAM!

THAT BIG BOOM WILL PAY FOR MY MEDAL! AND SLIM WILL VOUCH FOR IT!

5

BUT IT WAS LIKE SOMEBODY RIPPING THE MEDAL OFF MY CHEST WHEN...

SLIM'S UNCONSCIOUS! HE MUST'VE GOTTEN ONE OF THE SHIP'S SLUGS!

SLIM CAME TO ALL RIGHT...

SORRY...BUDDY! BUT I DIDN'T SEE A THING AFTER THAT SLUG SLAMMED MY HELMET AGAINST ME LIKE A HAMMER!

TWICE I'VE BEEN CHEATED OUT OF MEDALS I EARNED! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO EARN ONE— CARRY WITNESSES ALONG WITH ME?

HOWEVER, THERE WERE NO MORE PATROLS FOR ME...

MEDAL-HUNGRY GUYS LIKE YOU ENDANGER A PATROL! SO I'M SWITCHING YOU TO A SOLO MESSENGER DETAIL! — WE'VE LOST RADIO CONTACT WITH TANK 777! GO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED!

EVERY STEP OF THE WAY TOLD ME THERE WERE NO MEDALS FOR MESSENGER BOYS...

NOW— I'LL NEVER KEEP MY PROMISE TO GET A MEDAL! WHAT A TOUGH BREAK!

BUT THEN... EVERYTHING CHANGED, WHEN...

SPLANG

BLAAG!!

TZING

THAT'S TANK 777-- CRIPPLED AND CHOW FOR A NAZI TANK! IF I CAN HELP IT— THE CREW INSIDE WILL BE MY WITNESSES FOR A MEDAL!

6

But - I SUDDENLY REALIZED...

BAM!

TANK 777 IS SILENT! I HOPE THIS DOESN'T MEAN ITS GUNS ARE KO'D? MAYBE THE GUYS ARE WOUNDED—AND CAN'T FIRE? I'LL BE THEIR TRIGGER MAN!

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! BUT IF THE HATCH OF THE G.I. TANK IS BUTTONED DOWN— I'LL BE LEFT OUT IN THE RED-HOT NAZI WORLD!

SPANG

I MANAGED TO PRY OPEN THE TANK HATCH AND...

HERE I AM, GUYS! NOW—YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A GRAND-STAND SEAT AND WATCH ME BAT A HOMER!

THEY'VE ALL HAD IT! THEY'LL NEVER SEE ANY-THING—BUT MAYBE I CAN EVEN THE SCORE FOR THESE G.I. TANKERS!

MY CAT'S BIG GAT WAS ALREADY LOADED--ALL I HAD TO DO — YANK THE LANYARD...

BLAM

BLANG

THE ENEMY FIRED THE SAME TIME I DID! BOTH OF US GOT IT!

7

MY GUN WAS OUT OF COMMISSION—BUT THE TANK WASN'T OUT OF AMMO...

MAYBE I CAN CARRY ON THE FIGHT WITH THIS DEMO PACK THE TANK GUYS HAD!

I CLIMBED OUT AS...

BAM

TANK SHOT— GAVE ME A BOOST OUT!

I WOBBLED LIKE A CRAZY MAN AT THE TANK AND...

RATTAT-TATTA-TATTA!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP

ZIP

SPANG!

BAM

VIP

VIP

SPANG

THIS IS FOR THE TANK CREW YOU KAYOED—!

WHRAM

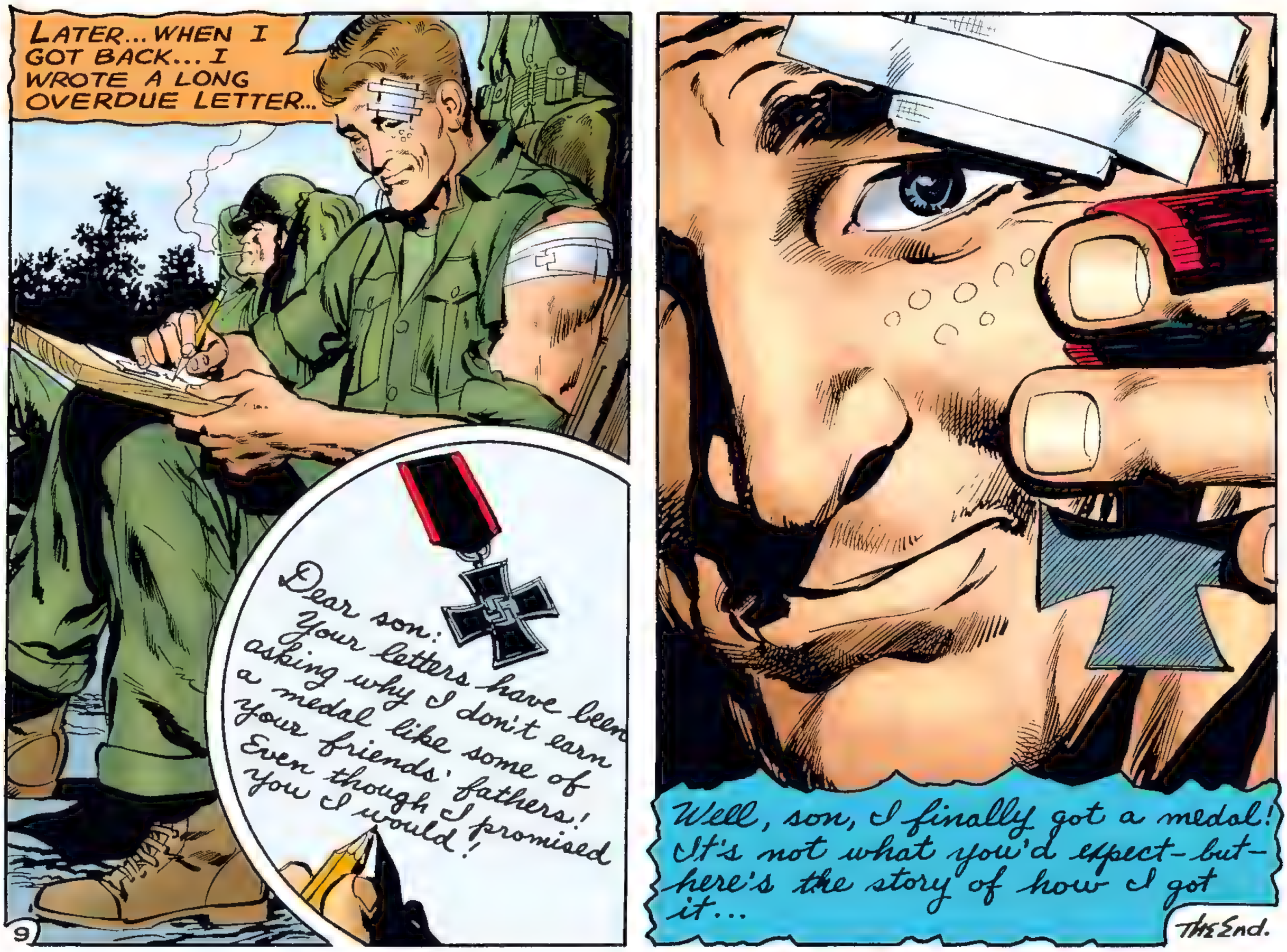
EVEN IF NO WITNESSES SAW ME DO IT!

THE HEAT OF THE BURNING TANK WOKE ME UP—BUT I FELT LIKE I WAS DREAMING, AS...

AMERIKANER— I AM THE ONLY WITNESS TO YOUR BRAVERY-- ACCEPT MY MEDAL... I — WILL SOON HAVE— NO USE — FOR IT!

CRAZY WAR... I FINALLY GOT A MEDAL... FROM THE OTHER SIDE...

8


LATER...WHEN I GOT BACK... I WROTE A LONG OVERDUE LETTER...
Dear son: Your letters have been asking why I don't earn a medal like some of your friends' fathers! Even though I promised you I would!
Well, son, I finally got a medal! It's not what you'd expect-but-here's the story of how I got it...
THE End.
9

IN BATTLE, A SOLDIER'S EMOTIONS...HIS SENSATIONS...ARE HONED TO A *RAZOR'S EDGE!* THE AIR WAR OF THE *FIRST WORLD WAR* SPAWNED ACTION OF UNEQUALLED BRAVERY AND HEROISM! BUT--THE MEN WHO FLEW THE FABRIC-COVERED, WOODEN-FRAMED AIRCRAFT--WERE AFFLICTED BY THE SUPERSTITIONS OF ALL MEN IN BATTLE!...EXAGGERATING THE FEARS OF THOSE MEN WHO FIRST DARED TO RISE INTO THE...

KILLER SKIES OF WORLD WAR I!

"AS MY *FOKKER DR-1* TOUCHED THE CLOUDS..."

"...A STRANGE SIGHT CAUGHT MY EYE..."

"WHAT SORT OF A *NIGHTMARE* WAS THIS?"

"COULD I BELIEVE WHAT MY EYES SAW...?"

"THE SPECTACLE OF AN ENEMY--*ATTIRED LIKE A SKELETON*--TOWING A GIGANTIC WEIRDLY-PAINTED BALLOON BEHIND HIM--LENT A MACABRE TOUCH TO THE SKIES THAT HAD ALREADY ETCHED VISIONS OF DEATH INTO MY BRAIN..."

ENEMY ACE 1

"THE NEXT MOMENT MY *JAGD-STAFFEL* PILOTS RACED AHEAD TO DESTROY THE GRINNING SKULL..!"

RATATH

THE FRENCH PILOT-DRESSED AS A *HALLOWEEN SKELETON*--IS TOWING A *BALLOON!* HAS EVERY-ONE GONE MAD?

RATATATATATATA

RATAT TATATA

"MADNESS...? NO! A *LURE* FOR MY IMPETUOUS PILOTS ?...YES!"

WAIT!...IT MAY *BE A TRAP!* *WAIT!*

WHRAAM

DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY! ②

NEAL ADAMS
JOE KUBERT
STORY: BOB KANIGHER

M-MY PILOTS HAVE BEEN *TRICKED* INTO A GAME-- WITH *DEATH*--AS IF THEY WERE LITTLE SCHOOLBOYS!

3

"MY CRIMSON TRIPLANE SPUN THROUGH THE AGONIZED WHIRLPOOL OF MY BROKEN FORMATION..."

RATATATATAT

DEATH... IS THE *ONLY* WINNER... IN THIS GAME!

"I FIRED STEADILY UNTIL MY *RED TRI-WING* LURCHED AWAY FROM THE ONRUSHING EARTH..."

THE FRENCHMAN'S RUSE TOOK A HEAVY TOLL OF MY *JAGDSTAFFEL!*

"THE DAZZLING SPEED MY *FOKKER* HAD BUILT UP IN ITS DIVE SENT US ROCKETING UPWARDS LIKE A SCREAMING STAR..."

NOW- THE ENTIRE ENEMY FORMATION ATTACKS!

EEEE

EEE

4

RATATATAT

IF I DON'T BREAK THEIR FORMATION... THEY WILL *DESTROY* MY UN-SEASONED FLIERS!

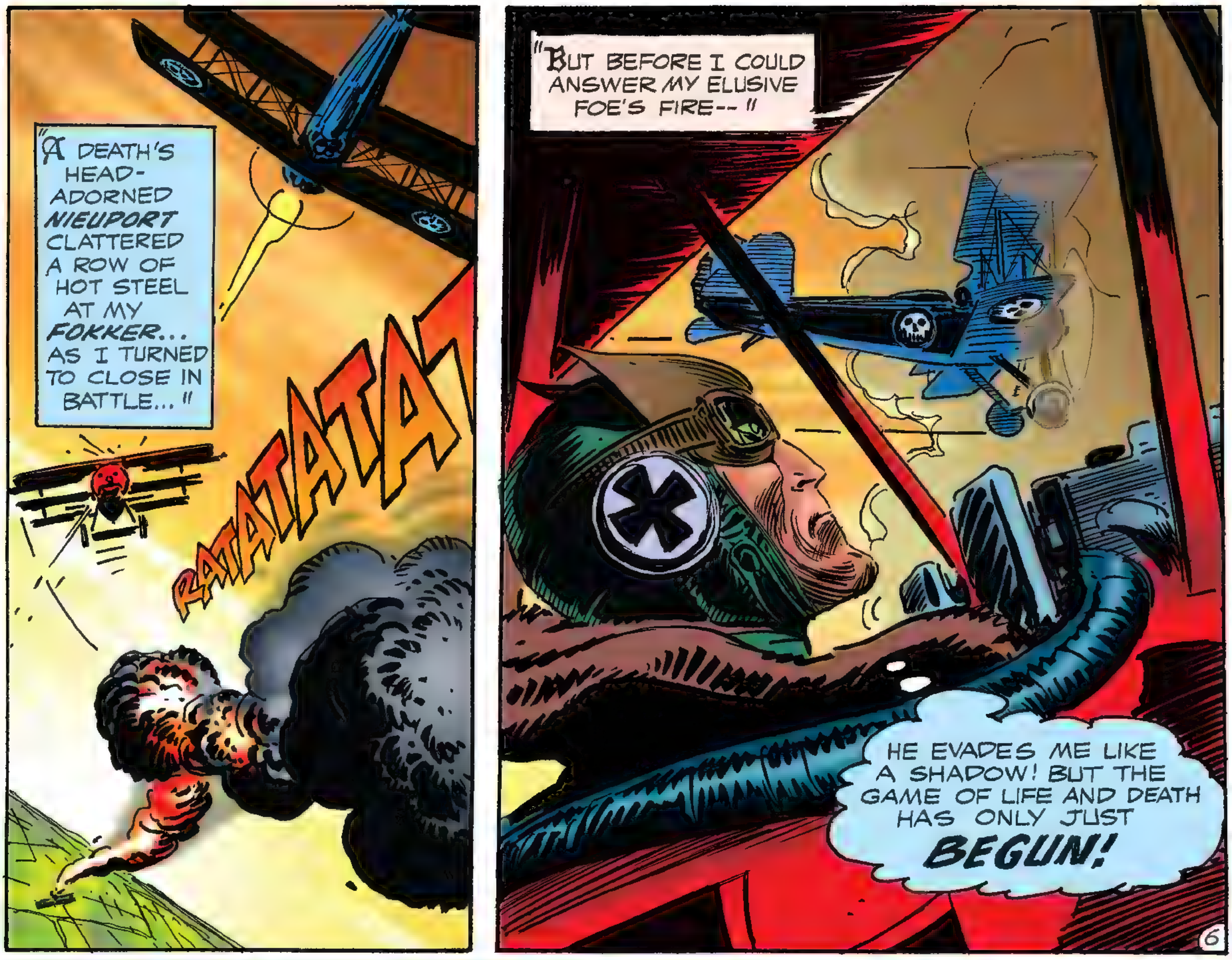
"I HEARD MY SPANDAUS SCREAM A FAMILIAR DIRGE ... AS I CLIMBED TOWARD MY TARGETS..."

RATATAKILLERTATAKILLERTATAKILLER

"UNTIL"...

THEIR FORMATION IS BROKEN! THE REMAINING PLANES OF MY *JAGDSTAFFEL* NOW HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO LIMP HOME!

5



END OF PART ONE! PART TWO OF ENEMY ACE

"DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY!"

CONTINUES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE!

Part two:

DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY!

THE FRENCH-MAN WILL *NOT* ESCAPE ME! I WILL FOLLOW HIM--

...THROUGH *THE GATES OF HELL ITSELF!*

CLOUDS... SO THICK... CAN HARDLY SEE HIM...

THERE!

RATA-TATA-TA-TA

NOW HE IS IN MY SIGHTS...

NO!... HE IS GONE *AGAIN!*

GONE... AS IF HE HAD *NEVER EXISTED!*

LIKE--THE *GHOSTLY FIGURE* HE PLAYED!

"I HUNTED THROUGH THE MISTY SILENCE...AS IF TRAILING THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF DEATH... AND AS I FINALLY DOVE THROUGH THE VAST CLOUD FORMATION..."

NOTHING-- NOTHING BUT THE DEAD BELOW! I HAVE LOST HIM! BUT WAIT...ONE OF MY SQUADRON IS MAKING A FORCED LANDING! HE'S ON FIRE!

"I JOUNCED TO A LANDING ON THE ROUGH TERRAIN..."

THAT'S STEFAN'S PLANE! WHEN I SAW HIM LAST, HE WAS WINGING HOMEWARD... TOWARD THE JAGD-STAFFEL FIELD!

"AS I RUSHED TO THE SMOLDERING HEAP, AN UNEARTHLY FRIGHTENED MOAN ROLLED ACROSS THE FIELD..."

UGGGGH, H-HERR RITTMEISTER

"I CLAWED AT THE TRAPPED, PAIN-WRACKED FIGURE-- WHEN SUDDENLY... "

WHOOSH

R-RITTMEISTER VON HAMMER... DON'T LET ME BURN!

8

"I DIDN'T FEEL THE SCORCHING FLAMES... I WAS ONLY AWARE OF YOUNG STEFAN'S EYES FIXED ON MINE... PLEADING... BEGGING ME TO SMOTHER THE FIRE..."

I MUST SAVE THIS *ONE* LIFE...

...FROM THE HUNGRY BATTLE SKIES!

DEATH *MUST NOT* WIN *EVERY* TIME!

"**Then...** WHILE THE SCORCHING CINDERS CHARRED MY EYES, I GRASPED THE TERRIFIED YOUNG PILOT AND PULLED AND TUGGED WITH ALL MY STRENGTH...UNTIL..."

Y-YOU SAVED MY LIFE, HERR RITTMEISTER--THOSE DEATH-HEAD DEVILS TRIED TO TAKE ME BACK TO HADES WITH THEM--BUT YOU SAVED ME ...AT HADES' *VERY GATES*... Y-YOU...

HE'S DELIRIOUS...

"SOMEHOW I PILOTED MY **FOKKER** BACK TO MY FIELD WITH THE WOUNDED STEFAN JAMMED BESIDE ME IN THE COCKPIT..."

UGH...THE PAIN--T-THE PAIN...

HOLD ON, STEFAN--WE'RE **HOME!**

THIS DAY WILL NOT GO UNRECORDED, HERR RITTMEISTER! TWO MORE KILLS, TWO MORE **VICTORY CUPS** FOR THE FATHERLAND'S ACE OF ACES!

EACH ONE OF THOSE CUPS **HAUNTS** ME WITH THE MEMORY OF A LIFE I HAVE TAKEN! BUT I AM TRAPPED--AS LONG AS THE KILLING GOES ON! WHO CAN TELL WHEN **I** WILL BE DESIGNATED BY A **TROPHY!**

I SHALL COUNT THE DAYS... UNTIL YOUR BURNED HANDS HEAL... AND YOU RETURN FROM THE HOSPITAL, HERR RITTMEISTER!

DON'T BLUBBER LIKE A SCRUB WOMAN, SCHULZ! REMEMBER, YOU'RE A **SOLDIER!**

AUF WIEDERSEHEN... MY OLD FRIEND...!

"MY HANDS HURT... BUT NOT AS MUCH AS THE PAIN INFLICTED BY THE LOOK IN MY PILOTS' EYES..."

THEY LOOK AT ME AS A **HUMAN KILLING MACHINE...** IMPERSONAL...ALOOF!... I FEEL AS IF I WERE ALONE ON THE MOON!

"I COULD READ THE FEAR IN THEIR EYES..!"

WILHELM--YOU WILL LEAD THE JAGDSTAFFEL IN MY ABSENCE! THE NIEUPORTS WILL NOT SURPRISE YOU AGAIN IF YOU SEND OUT PATROLS MORNING AND NIGHT!

JAWOHL, HERR RITTMEISTER!

10

REMEMBER... THE ENEMY SHIPS ARE FLOWN BY MEN -- LIKE YOURSELVES! THEY HIDE THEIR FACES BEHIND SKULL MASKS!

"THEY REMAINED STANDING...SILENTLY...AS THE AMBULANCE CARRIED STEFAN AND MYSELF TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL..."

IF THEY CANNOT OVERCOME THEIR FEAR...THEY ARE DEAD MEN!

"WE RUMBLED PAST THE BLACK FOREST...WHERE A SHADOWY FIGURE WITH PIERCING EYES FOLLOWED OUR BUMPY PROGRESS..."

MY FAITHFUL HUNTING COMPANION! ONLY YOU WILL I MISS! BE PATIENT, MY FRIEND... WE WILL HUNT AGAIN!

YOU MUST TEACH THEM THAT WAR IS NOT A MASQUERADE PARTY! IF YOU FIX THEM IN YOUR M.G. SIGHTS... THEY WILL GO DOWN!

"WE REACHED THE HOSPITAL THAT EVENING ... AND..."

STEFAN SUFFERS FROM SHOCK AND BURNS, BUT-- HE LIVES-- THANKS TO YOU, HERR RITTMEISTER!

7

11

"BUT EVEN AS STEFAN SLEPT...THE *DEATH'S HEAD* THAT SHOT HIM DOWN *LAUGHED* AT THE YOUNG PILOT..."

"...A LAUGH THAT ONLY *I* COULD HEAR...!"

"LATER THAT NIGHT, STEFAN'S HYSTERICAL SCREAMS SHATTERED THE CORRIDOR'S QUIET..."

AGHH...THE FLAMES! *T-THE FLAMES!* IT IS *HADES ITSELF* THAT BECKONS TO *ME!*

I'M *BURNING* ...*BURNING!* HELP ME, BARON! *H-HELP ME...*

H-HE BECKONS ME TO *FOLLOW HIM INTO HADES...!*

GENTLY, STEFAN... YOU ARE SAFE-- I AM NEAR! YOU ARE *SAFE!*

"THE WORDS OF A LITTLE POEM MY FATHER WHISPERED TO ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD CAUGHT PRISONER IN A NIGHTMARE CAME TO MIND..."

SLEEP, MY SON, SLEEP, THE NIGHT IS YOUR FRIEND, ITS SHADOWS A WARM CLOAK AROUND YOU, THE MOON HANGS HIGH ITS LIGHT A LAMP IN THE DARK, ALL IS SAFE, SLEEP... SLEEP...SLEEP...

12

"DAYS PASSED...AND AS MY HANDS HEALED MY THOUGHTS GREW RESTLESS! WHAT OF MY ***JAGDSTAFFEL***...WAS ***WILHELM*** BEARING UP UNDER THE PRESSURES OF LEADERSHIP?"

"ONE NIGHT...SEEKING TO OBLITERATE ALL OTHER IMAGES... I WALKED WITH MARLENE..."

"ON A LOW CLIFF OVER-LOOKING A ROLLING SEA... THE MOON SHONE WHITE ON THE LOVELY ARMS SHE HELD OUT TO ME..."

"BUT IN PLACE OF HER SMILING FACE I BEHELD A SINISTER SHAPE..."

NO! IT IS OF NO USE...I ***MUST*** RETURN TO MY ***JAGDSTAFFEL!***

NOW!

"STEFAN AND I WERE DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL TOGETHER... AND-- AS WE ARRIVED BACK AT THE FIELD..."
PILOTS AND MECHANICS RUSHING... REPAIRING BATTERED SHIPS! LIKE DAZED AUTOMATONS... NOT FIGHTING MEN!
BARON VON HAMMER...
HERR RITTMEISTER! WILHELM HAS GONE OUT ON PATROL HOURS AGO... TO TRY TO FIND THE ENEMY'S SECRET FIELD!
HE SHOULD HAVE RETURNED BY NOW...
"THEN-- SUDDENLY... THE LONG DRAWN-OUT SCREAM OF A SHIP IN AGONY ECHOED FROM THE CLOUDS ABOVE US..!"
WHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
THAT- THAT IS WILHELM'S SHIP...
HERR RITT-MEISTER ...HE IS GOING TO CRASH!
STRAIGHTEN OUT...
BRING...
THE...
STICK...
BACK...
WILHELM!
14

"MOMENTS LATER..."

IT-IT IS *YOU, HERR RITTMEISTER..* :GASP: I-I DID NOT... FIND THEIR SECRET FIELD...IT-IT IS *HOPELESS!* THOSE... GRINNING...SKULLS... DROP OUR MEN :GASP: ONE...BY... ONE...

I-I *CANNOT* FLY AGAIN! EVEN IF--YOU STAND ME BEFORE A *FIRING SQUAD!* I *CANNOT*--

IF STEFAN DOES *NOT* OVERCOME HIS FEAR *NOW*... HE WILL REMAIN FOREVER BUT A *SHELL OF A MAN!*

COME... YOU AND I WILL TAKE THAT *ALBATROS DIII* TO FIND THE FRENCH GHOST'S HIDDEN FIELD! YOU WILL BE MY GUNNER! *COME!*

"I DID NOT TURN TO SEE IF STEFAN WAS FOLLOWING ME! *I KNEW HE WOULD!*"

IN WAR-- THERE CAN BE *NO BYSTANDERS!* IT IS A STRUGGLE TO THE *DEATH*-- FOR US *ALL!*

NOW--STEFAN'S VERY *SOUL* IS IN *MY HANDS!*... IF OUR MISSION FAILS... HE WILL *FALL*... LIKE A BROKEN-BACKED BIRD!

"DARKNESS WAS STREAKING THE SKY...AS WE SIGHTED THE ENEMY PATROL! FOR THE MOMENT, WE WERE UN-DISCOVERED... AND OUR ALBATROS WAS ABLE TO SLIP WITHIN FIRING RANGE... BUT..."
FIRE, STEFAN... FIRE!
STEFAN IS PARA-LYZED WITH FEAR!
END OF PART TWO
THE CONCLUSION OF ENEMY ACE IN DEATH Takes NO HOLIDAY
16

CONCLUSION:

"ONCE...*TWICE*...I THREW MY SHIP DESPERATELY ACROSS THE SKIES... BREAKING UP THE ENEMY'S FORMATION..."

I MUST NOT TRIGGER MY GUNS!

STEFAN MUST REALIZE THAT IF *HE* DOES NOT RETURN FIRE...*HE ALONE*...

...IT WILL BE *DEATH* FOR US *BOTH!*

"THE BLOOD RUSHED THROUGH STEFAN'S VEINS AGAIN --AND HIS POUNDING HEART ECHOED THE HAMMERING OF HIS GUNS..."

"NOW STEFAN *RIVETED* HIS EYE TO THE *M.G.'S* SIGHTS...FEAR FORGOTTEN ...HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO *DESTROY* THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY HIM..."

RATATATATA

TATAT

RATATATATA

"DEPLETION OF BULLETS AND FUEL CALLED A MOMENTARY HALT TO AERIAL MAYHEM..."

A *FRIGHTENED BOY*--NOW RETURNS A *FIGHTING MAN!*

"BACK AT THE *JAGD-STAFFEL FIELD,* STEFAN AND I PARTED ...WORDLESSLY...WHAT WAS THERE TO SAY?"

"BUT THAT NIGHT... I COULD *NOT* SLEEP.. *SINISTER APPARI-TIONS* CROWDED MY THOUGHTS..."

18

"AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY... THE *BLACK NIEUPORTS* RETURNED..!"

TO YOUR SHIPS! THIS TIME WE'LL FIGHT THEM TO A FINISH-- *TO YOUR SHIPS!*

BAM SPEANG BAM

RATATATATATATA TATATAT

"I COULD SEE THE *GRINNING GARGOYLE FACE* RELISHING MY FIERY DEATH..!"

"AS I WRENCHED MY CRIMSON *FOKKER* OFF THE FIELD--THERE WAS AN OMINOUS HAMMERING BEHIND ME...AND I SAW A COAL-BLACK NIEUPORT WITH THE GRISLY EMBLEM!"

RATATATAT TATATA

SPANG

VIIP VIIP

THE *NIEUPORT* IS ON MY TAIL... IN THE *KILL POSITION!*

SPANG RATATATATATA

I DO NOT HAVE *TIME* TO GET OUT FROM UNDER HIS WITHERING FIRE!... *WAIT!* STEFAN'S SHIP IS DIVING AT...

CRASH

STEFAN!

"I CLIMBED HIGH... MAKING A WIDE ARC ABOVE THE RAGING AIR BATTLE..."

THAT SMOKING *NIEUPORT*...HE'S DIVING INTO NO MAN'S LAND! IN BETWEEN THE WOODS AND THE RIVER!

S-STEFAN SAVED *MY* LIFE... AT... THE COST OF *HIS OWN!*

"BUT, INSTEAD OF THE *NIEUPORT'S* DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE IN A SHATTERING CRASH..."

"FOR A MOMENT THE GROUND RUSHED UP AT ME DIZZILY ... AND..."

HE'S VANISHED!

HAVE I LOST MY SENSES...OR-- IS THIS A *NIGHT-MARE?* WILL I WAKE UP ONLY TO FIND THAT THE AGONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN *AGAIN?*

TEUFEL! THE GROUND IS A *CAMOUFLAGE! THIS* IS THE ENEMY'S *SECRET FIELD!*

20

I YAWED MY **FOKKER** FROM SIDE TO SIDE... STRAFING EVERYTHING WITHIN SIGHT AS I STREAKED PAST PLANES, FUEL, AMMO... SOWING **DESTRUCTION** IN MY WAKE...

FROOMP

RATATAT

21

"THEIR BASE DESTROYED, THE REMAINING *NIEUPORTS* STRUGGLED INTO THE AIR UNTIL..."

THEY HAVE *NO CHOICE* NOW... BUT TO LAND AND BECOME OUR PRISONERS!

"FOLLOWING MY *STAFFEL* PILOTS TO OUR FIELD, THE *NIEUPORTS* LANDED IN PERFECT FORMATION... LIKE THE DISCIPLINED SOLDIERS THEY WERE!"

THEIR COMMANDER KNOWS FULL WELL THAT--EVEN *IF* THEY *BEAT* US--THEY COULD NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR MAIN BASE!

"THERE...ON SOLID EARTH...THE MASKED FRENCHMAN WHO LED THEIR SQUADRON ADDRESSED ME..."

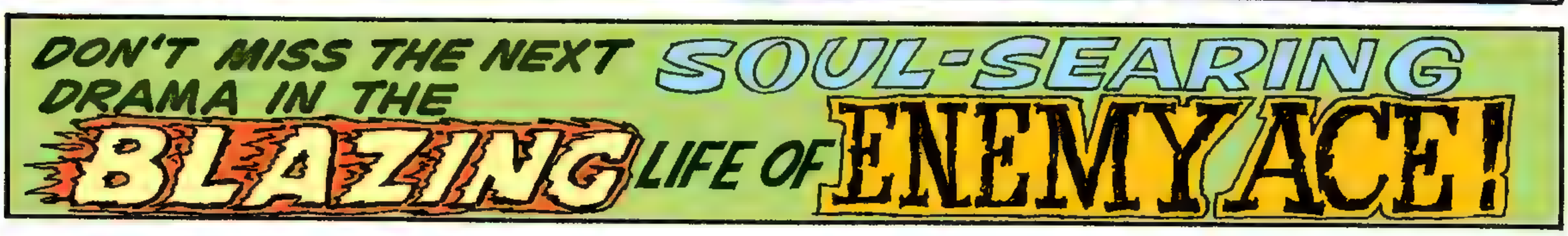
ACCEPT OUR SURRENDER, BARON VON HAMMER... FURTHER CONFLICT WOULD BE *USELESS*...

...ADDING TO AN ALREADY *LENGTHY* LIST OF *WASTED DEATHS!*

A WISE DECISION, SIR...

THE SPANS OF OUR LIVES ARE *SHORT ENOUGH*...WITHOUT *HASTENING* THEIR TERMINATIONS!

LATER... ALONE BENEATH A GRAY SKY... I REPRESSED THE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS THAT BUBBLED INSIDE OF ME ... ASLEEP OR AWAKE!
TRULY... OF WHAT USE IS THE DEATH OF MY COUNTRY'S YOUTH ...THE ELIMINATION OF MY FATHERLAND'S LIFEBLOOD? DOES IT DO ANY OF US ANY GOOD?
BUT...I AM A SOLDIER ...AND I MUST TAKE TO THE MURDEROUS SKIES AGAIN...AND AGAIN! UNTIL--I MYSELF PAY THE PRICE DEMANDED OF US ALL!
THE END
23


DON'T MISS THE NEXT DRAMA IN THE BLAZING SOUL-SEARING LIFE OF ENEMY ACE!

ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
THE YEAR--20! THE PLACE--A PLANET KNOWN ONLY AS EASY FOX ON MILITARY SPACE MAPS! THREE SOLDIERS OF UNITED EARTH ARMED FORCES TAKE EVASIVE ACTION AND PREPARE TO STRIKE BACK AT AN UNSEEN ENEMY! IT'S ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE...BUT--IT'S THE SAME WAR!
HOW LONG WE GOTTA SWEAT IT OUT IN THIS FORSAKEN HOLE?
...AND WHERE'S THE "WEAPON"? WHY DON'T THEY DROP IT TO US BEFORE THE CREEPS WHO WIPED OUT OUR FIRST PATROL --GET US!
YOU KNOW THE ARMY, MAC...IT'S ALWAYS HURRY UP AND WAIT!
HEY, MAC...
I SEE HIM...
YOU AND CHANG DRAW HIS ATTENTION!
CHECK!
1

BEAUTIFUL, LUKE!

DIRECT HIT!

SO THOSE ARE THE CREEPS THAT WIPED OUT OUR OTHER GUYS!...GRUESOME LOOKIN', AIN'T THEY? I THINK ZAPPIN' IT IMPROVED ITS LOOKS!

I GOT A HUNCH YOU ZAPPED AN ANIMAL...NOT ONE OF THE TENANTS OF THIS COCKEYED ROCKPILE!

ANIMAL? YOU SAYIN' I SHOT A LOUSY ANIMAL?? THAT WAS ONE OF 'EM! WIPIN' OUT HIM AND HIS BUDDIES IS WHAT WE WERE ORDERED DOWN HERE FOR!

"WIPIN' OUT"!-- THAT'S ALL YOU TALK ABOUT! THE LOOIE HAD ORDERS ...AND HE'S DEAD! I GOT A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT THIS PLACE...LIKE-- WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE!

WHY, YOU CHUCKLEHEAD! DO YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF BEFORE-?

HOLD IT, BLOW-HARD!

HOLD IT! BOTH OF YOU! WE'RE ALL IN THE ARMY TOGETHER... REMEMBER?

YOU GUYS ACT LIKE THROWBACKS TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY YOUR ANCESTRAL BIGOTRY IS SHOWING!

SUDDENLY...

SCRATCH DIRT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HEY!

WHRAM

ZEEEEEE

2

WH-WHERE IS IT? CAN YOU SEE WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?
NO! NOTHING! IF ONLY THE BRASS WOULD SEND US THE "WEAPON"!..
THEY WON'T SEND IT! WE DON'T RATE THAT MUCH POWER!
THIS AIN'T A REAL WAR!
WHAT D'YA MEAN, "REAL"?
I-I-I'M TRYING!
GET RID OF IT, CHANG!
WHO ARE WE FIGHTING? PLANTS? ANIMALS?... OR WHAT?
CHANG... LOOK OUT!
THEN...
PUHMMM
WHAT' RE YOU GUYS YELLING ABOUT? THESE CREATURES ARE FRIENDLY AS CAN BE...
HEH, HEH... FUZZY LI'L FELLAS...
EVERY-BODY... CLOSE YOUR EYES!
WE'RE EACH SEEIN' SOME-THIN' DIFFERENT!
THAT SMOKE IS CAUSIN' US TO SEE HALLU-CINATIONS!
SHUT YOUR EYES TIGHT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM... THERE!
MUST BE A SMOKE SCREEN FOR THOSE CREEPS! OPEN FIRE!
IT'S NOT AN EXPLOSIVE... IT'S SOME KIND OF SMOKE BOMB!

SHUTTING THEIR EYES TIGHTLY AGAINST THE HALLUCINATORY GAS, THE GI'S STAND LIKE MUTE STATUES AS THE GAS DISSIPATES...

USAF

SLOWLY... DELIBERATELY ...THEY FORCE THEIR EYES OPEN...

I-I'M STILL HALLUCINATING...! NO-- WAIT! THAT'S REALLY HAPPENIN'!

HEY!

WE NEED MORE FIREPOWER! SET UP FOR MORTAR WHILE I DISTRACT THAT THING!

OKAY, LUKE... DOWN!

VAROOOOSH

WHRAM

5

YA SAVED ME, MAC BOY! YOU- SAVED ME...

I'D DO IT FOR ANY-BODY... AND ***DON'T*** CALL ME "BOY"! I ***TOLD*** YOU THEY WERE ***MONSTERS!*** ...LOOK AT THAT THING--

THAT'S A ***PLANT,*** MAC! A ***WALKING WARRIOR PLANT!*** THE LOOIE SAID THEY MIGHT BE ON THIS PLANET ...BEFORE HE GOT IT!

A ***PLANT,*** HUH? WHAT A LOUSY WAY TO FIGHT... USIN' THAT KIND OF THING AGAINST ***HUMAN BEINGS!***

YEAH? IS MAN... USIN' THE "WEAPON" AGAINST ***THEM...*** ANY ***LESS*** LOUSY?

THE WEAPON! HQ IS TELEPORTIN' IT DOWN! ***WE'RE SAVED!***

LOOK AT IT, MAN! NO BIGGER THAN A ***BREAD BOX!*** AND IT COULD WIPE OUT HALF THIS PLANET ...IF WE DON'T USE IT ***RIGHT!***

MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT FOR FURTHER ORDERS... BEFORE WE USE IT..?

DO I GOTTA READ "THE BOOK" TO YOU TWO GUYS? MANUAL OF OPERATIONS SAYS: ***IN THE ABSENCE OF HIGHER COMMANDS --NON-COMS MAY EXERCISE COMMAND JUDGMENT WHEN CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER ARISES!***

HIGHER COMMAND... THAT'S THE BRASS! ***NON-COMS...*** THAT'S ***US!*** CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER... THAT'S ***NOW!***

I'LL PRIME IT-- AND IF THOSE CREEPS ATTACK ***WHAMMO!***

NOW THE THREE EARTH GI'S WAIT...WAIT...AND WAIT... AS FIGHTING MEN HAVE ALWAYS WAITED ...UNTIL—

SOMETHIN'S MOVIN'...DOWN THERE!

IT'S THEM! IT AIN'T NO PLANTS THIS TIME!

SUDDENLY

BARRAGE! CLOSE YOUR PLASTI-HELMET LIDS TIGHT, SOLDIERS!

THEY'VE GOT US ZEROED IN GOOD! THEY'RE FIRIN' CONCUSSION BURSTS! THEY COULD CLOBBER US...BUT--THEY'RE HOLDIN' BACK... WHY?

BLAM

WHAM

THE "WEAPON"! I GOTTA TRIGGER IT! GOTTA STOP 'EM FROM RUNNIN' OVER US!

NO, MAC! WAIT! THEY'RE NOT OUT TO GET US!

THEY'VE DIRECTED A BEAM ON THE "WEAPON"... TRYIN' TO KNOCK IT OUT!

AIEEEEEEE

MAC!...H-HE'S OKAY...JUST DAZED!

LISTEN!

WH-WHAT HIT ME?

EARTH SOLDIERS!... WE HAD TO STOP YOU FROM USING YOUR INHUMAN WEAPON...

WE HAVE NO WISH TO HARM YOU! YOUR COMRADES WHO CAME BEFORE WERE DESTROYED THROUGH ERROR! WE BELIEVED THEY WERE ALIEN MONSTERS!

7

SURRENDER PEACEFULLY...

...AND NO HARM WILL BEFALL YOU...

UEAF

...AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS PLANET'S INHABITANTS...I PROMISE YOU SAFETY!

IS *THAT* WHAT INHABITS THIS NUTTY PLACE?

IT'S MADE OF *METAL*... A *METAL MONSTER!*

NO...WAIT! IT-IT'S *OPENIN' UP!*

AND OUT STEPS A "*MONSTER*"...VERY MUCH RESEMBLING THE EARTH *GI'S*! AN ALIEN ADVERSARY WITH THE CAPABILITIES OF DE-STROYING *HIMSELF*...AND--*THE UNIVERSE!*

JUST LIKE US!

THE END

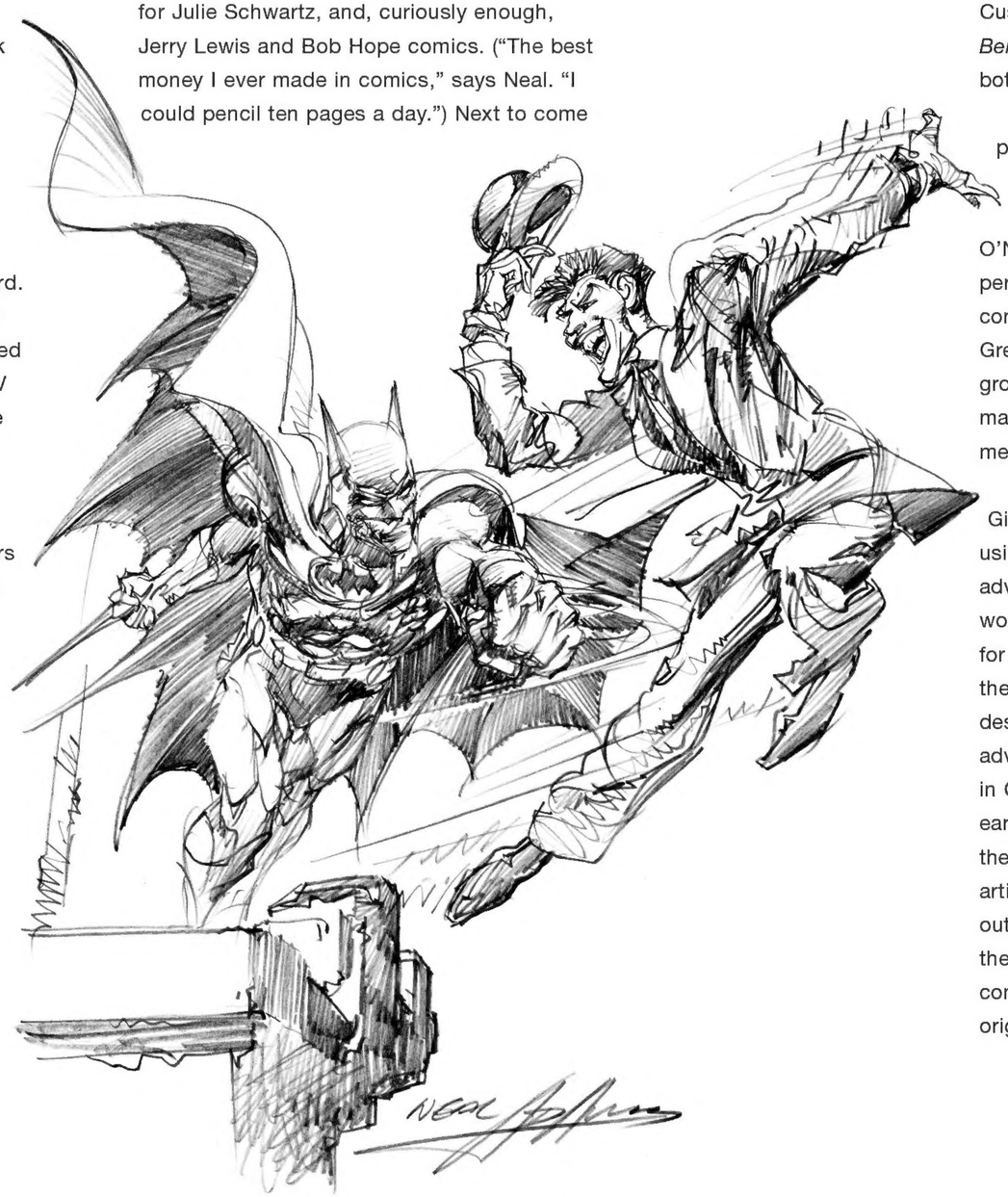
BIOGRAPHIES

NEAL ADAMS

Born on June 15, 1941 in New York City, Neal Adams began his comics career drawing pages for *The Archie Comics Joke Book* immediately after graduating from high school (and being turned down for work by DC Comics). Within a year, he was drawing commercial illustration spots as well as background work and full pencil work on Howard Nostrand's *Bat Masterson* syndicated comic strip. Building on this early success, he landed a desk at Johnstone and Cushing, the country's leading "comics for advertising" studio. There Adams did comics for such advertisers as Norelco, Bell Telephone, General Electric, AT&T, Tandy Industries, and the United States National Guard.

At the age of 20, Adams began drawing the internationally syndicated comic strip based on the popular TV series *Ben Casey*, while at the same time advancing his commercial art career. *Ben Casey* was a success, appearing in 161 newspapers worldwide, but after nearly four years on the strip Adams decided to drop it and change the direction of his career to illustration and spent six months carefully assembling a new portfolio of his work. When the portfolio disappeared from the first agency he left it with, he was forced to seek work in the comic book field once again. After doing work for Jim Warren's horror publications, Adams tried DC once more — this time successfully.

Adams joined DC Comics in 1965 and became an overnight sensation by infusing a new visual vitality into longtime characters. Working closely with editorial director Carmine Infantino, Adams quickly became DC's preeminent cover artist, contributing radical and dynamic illustrations to nearly every title the company published. His first interior work was done for Bob Kanigher's war titles, followed by *Elongated Man* stories for Julie Schwartz, and, curiously enough, Jerry Lewis and Bob Hope comics. ("The best money I ever made in comics," says Neal. "I could pencil ten pages a day.") Next to come were four issues of *The Spectre*, two of which Adams also wrote, and two issues of *World's Finest Comics* for Mort Weisinger. Adams then picked up a new title from Infantino called *Deadman*, a title with which he would soon become closely identified. (Besides the two *Spectre* issues and most of *Deadman*, Adams's writing credits include a number of commercial comic books for Johnstone and Cushing, about a quarter of the writing on *Ben Casey*, and some short stories for both DC and Marvel.)



In the early 1970s Adams plotted and pencilled pivotal runs on *The Avengers* and *The Uncanny X-Men* at Marvel Comics.

But it was his DC work with writer Dennis O'Neil and inker Dick Giordano during this period that cemented Adams's reputation as a comics legend. The stories featuring Batman, Green Lantern, and Green Arrow broke new ground for mainstream comics and attracted major (and overwhelmingly positive) national media attention to the form.

Later in the 1970s, Adams and Giordano opened Continuity Associates, using their comic art experience to produce advertising artwork for clients around the world. Continuity became a training ground for new talent, mentored and encouraged by the two founders. During this time Adams also designed a three-part science-fiction epic adventure play, *Warp*, which was first staged in Chicago and then moved to Broadway. He earned a Drama Desk Award for his efforts, the only such award earned by a comic book artist. In addition, Adams has been an outspoken supporter of creator's rights in the comics industry and was influential in convincing comic book publishers to return original artwork to the artists who created it.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS

Born in Spain, Sergio Aragonés is a cartoonist best known for his work on *Mad Magazine* and as the creator of *Groo the Wanderer*.

NICK CARDY

Born in 1920, Nicholas Viscardi was an early recruit in the shop of the legendary Will Eisner. After serving in World War II, he began drawing under the name Nick Cardy and became one of DC's top talents of the 1950s and 1960s. He is best known for his work on *Aquaman*, *Teen Titans* and *Bat Lash*. After serving as DC's primary cover artist for the early to mid 1970s, Cardy left comics to illustrate commercial art and movie posters.

HANK CHAPMAN

In the 1950s, Hank Chapman scripted stories for both Timely and Atlas Comics, and later wrote for DC Comics, where he specialized in war stories.

MARK EVANIER

After apprenticing with Jack Kirby, Mark Evanier has enjoyed a long career writing comic books, TV shows, books and screenplays. He is the author of *Kirby: King of Comics*, an illustrated biography of his friend.

GARDNER FOX

Gardner Fox was an attorney who began his prolific and innovative second career as a writer in the late 1930s on Batman and such Golden Age classics as the original Flash, Hawkman, Starman, Doctor Fate, and the Justice Society of America. His influence extended throughout the 1950s and 1960s when, until his retirement from DC Comics in

1968, he wrote such memorable features as the Justice League of America, Adam Strange, The Atom, Hawkman, and Batman. Until his death in 1986, Fox published over 100 books in numerous genres, some under the pseudonyms of Jefferson Cooper and Bart Sommers, as well as many fantasy novels under his own name.

MIKE FRIEDRICH

Mike Friedrich scripted numerous features for DC in the 1960s, and, in the 1970s, helped launch the self-publishing comics industry with his black and white anthology, *Star*Reach*. In later years, Friedrich became one of the first talent agents in the business.

BOB HANEY

Born in 1926, Bob Haney received an MA from Columbia University in New York. From the late 1950s through the 1960s he scripted many superhero and war stories for DC Comics, including *Doom Patrol*, *Metamorpho*, *Teen Titans*, *All-American Men of War*, *Star Spangled War Stories*, and others. In his earlier days he also wrote for Fawcett, Fox, Harvey, Hillman, Quality, Ziff-Davis, Dell, St. John, and other comics publishers. Haney died in 2004.

ROBERT KANIGHER

Robert Kanigher has long been recognized as one of the most prolific and innovative writers and editors in the comic book field. In a career that spanned nearly sixty years, Kanigher wrote more characters than nearly anyone else — including Black Canary, Blue Beetle, Captain Marvel, the Metal Men, Steel Sterling, Flash, Sgt. Rock and Wonder Woman — and too many war, horror and romance stories to count. Kanigher passed away in 2002.

JOE KUBERT

Born in 1926, Joe Kubert began his comics career at the age of eleven as an apprentice in Harry "A" Chesler's comic book production house. In his more than seventy years in the industry, he has produced countless memorable stories for countless characters, including DC's Sgt. Rock, Hawkman, Tarzan, Enemy Ace, Batman and the Flash.

In 1976 Kubert founded the first and only accredited school devoted solely to the art of cartoon graphics: The Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art in Dover, New Jersey, which has since produced many of today's leading cartoonists, including his sons, Adam and Andy.

HOWARD LISS

Born in Brooklyn, Howard Liss scripted dozens of war stories for DC Comics in the late 1960s. His writing career also encompassed turns as a play doctor, comedy writer and prolific author of books about sports. He passed away in 1995.

LEN WEIN

A mainstay of the comics field, Len Wein has created dozens of characters and held numerous editorial positions at both DC and Marvel Comics. Perhaps best known as the cocreator of DC's *Swamp Thing* (with artist Bernie Wrightson), Wein was the editorial guiding light for the early years of *The New Teen Titans*. He was also instrumental in the genesis of *Crisis on Infinite Earths* (working again with Wolfman and Perez) and the original edition of *Who's Who*.

THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST UNIVERSE ENVISIONED BY THE ARTIST WHO CHANGED COMICS!

Since his auspicious start at DC Comics, Neal Adams's artistry has been embedded in the consciousness of American comics. With his energetic pencils and inks, Neal's influence would soon spread to every corner of the vibrant DC Universe and breathe new life into its iconic heroes and villains for generations to come.

Now, nearly all of Neal's previously uncollected work is being presented in two exceptional volumes. This first volume of DC UNIVERSE ILLUSTRATED BY NEAL ADAMS presents the legendary creator's take on two of comics' most beloved genres — superheroes and war stories. From his early work on TEEN TITANS and OUR ARMY AT WAR, to a rarely seen Superman adventure, it's all here!

This volume includes commentary by Adams and an introduction by DC Comics President and Publisher Paul Levitz.

dccomics.com

DC™

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"